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MR. STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WORKING-PEOPLE.

THE city of New York will soon rival London in the number and magnitude of her institutions of charity; and it is to be hoped that, by different management, our metropolis may escape the transatlantic experience of a steady increase in

the pauper population. The recent reports of the city of London for this year reveal the startling fact that, in the last three years, there has been an increase of pauperism to the extent of forty-five per cent. These recruits of poverty have come in two ways: *First*, from the institutions of charity themselves, where idleness has been encouraged by the indiscriminate supplies of lodging, food, and clothing, to children and adults, with little or no attempt to develop habits of industry and self-reliance in the

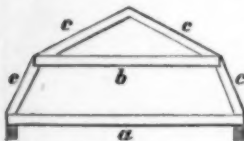


MR. STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WORKING-WOMEN, ON FOURTH AVENUE.

recipients. *Second*, by the fact that in many cases the expense of living—including room-rent, fuel, food, and clothing—has been greater than, or at least equal to, the ordinary wages earned. Consequently, a failure to get a situation or to keep one, or an illness of sufficient length to vacate the place held, involves the person in debt, and starts the machinery of ruin, which begins with pawning clothes, which drives the victim from poor tenements to poorer ones, and which ends at last in utter pauperism.

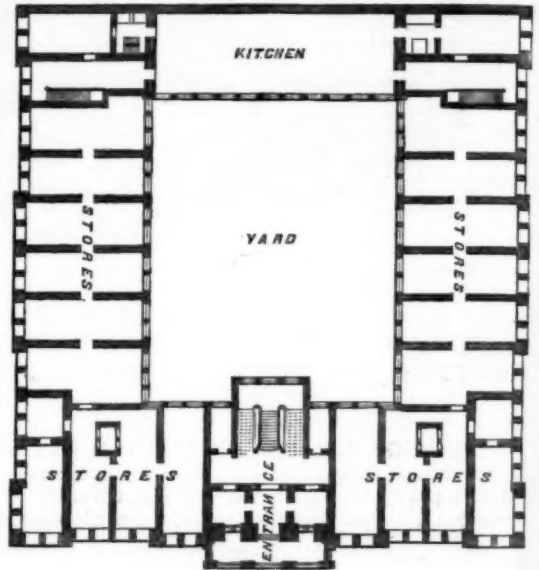
The solution of the first of these social difficulties lies in a sweeping reform of all institutions for the care of children and adults, to which necessity the English public is now fully awake. The second is in suitable provision whereby persons of industrious and steady habits may live in an economical way, and be enabled to save money, however little, from their regular earnings. Of this class of benevolent enterprises, by far the most promising of good results is, the erection of permanent buildings in which lodging, food, and warmth, with other essentials, may be furnished at the lowest possible rates. The buildings, in such cases, must be erected by benevolent persons who expect little or no interest on what they invest, and the expenses of the enterprise—the taxation, steam-power, salaried superintendents and matrons—to be in part paid by the returns from business-stores in the first floor of the building, or from other property set apart for the purpose.

In order to provide, according to this plan, suitable homes for industrious young men and women, Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of this city, has devoted six millions of dollars to the erection of buildings for our work-people. His plan includes the construction of two grand structures, which may be called hotels. On Fourth Avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, the excavation is already made, and the foundations begun, for the first building, which is intended as a home for young working-women. It is to be constructed of iron, thoroughly fire-proof, and will have three fronts upon the three streets named. On Fourth Avenue the frontage will be one hundred and ninety-two feet six inches; on Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets, respectively, two hundred and five feet. The area covered by the whole structure will be forty-one thousand square feet. It would be useless to encumber our space with architectural details that would convey no idea to the general reader. The illustrations which we give of the principal exterior and interior features of this building will reveal more to the eye than any elaborate description. The main building will be six stories in height, with an additional story in the Mansard roof. This style of roof, named from Mansard, the French inventor, who died in 1666, has for



its peculiarity an upper and an under set of rafters, the upper set more inclined to the horizon than the under set, or in this form, in which *a* is the tie-beam, *b* the collar-beam, and *c c c c* the rafters. The steep or other pitches of this roof will be of slate, upon iron laths. Over the central portions of each front, and extending a space or width of one hundred feet on each, will be an additional story, with a superimposed Mansard roof, making the centre of each front eight stories high. At the extremities of each of these central elevations, as well as upon the street-angles of the building, the design shows turreted towers, each twenty-four feet in width and height. These towers are ten in number, and varied in design. With pinnacles rising from their angles, they will doubtless form graceful crowns to the whole structure, and give lightness and airy elegance to the otherwise heavy mass of columns and windows. The color—pale white—will also assist in this respect. The entire central height will be one hundred and nine feet. The main portion of the building to the entablature will be ninety feet, and the roof adds to this twelve feet at the sides and eighteen feet at the centres. The general effect of the architect's idea will undoubtedly be very imposing.

The principal entrance on the Fourth-Avenue front will have a width of forty-eight feet. The portico will be two stories in height, and unique and beautiful in design. It will consist of massive cluster-columns, with foliated capitals and bases, on octagon-shaped pedestals. The designs of the different stories—their piers, columns, pilasters, and arches—are shown in our illustration. The first story will contain twenty-four stores, each fifty-two feet deep by seventeen wide, and hand-

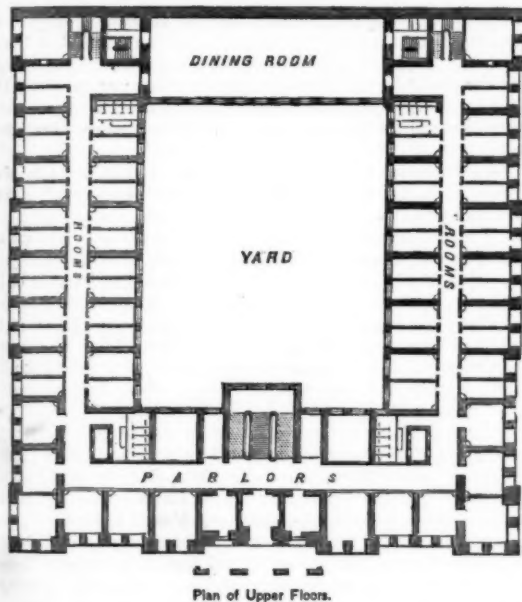


Plan of Ground Floor.

somely finished with plate-glass windows. The rents from these will materially assist in meeting the pecuniary needs of the institution.

The interior will be reached by a wide staircase through a vestibule, which, with its tall and massive pillars, will more nearly deserve the descriptive term *grand* than many places to which the word is applied. Beyond the vestibule will be a hall paved with marble, thirty feet wide, with double flights of stairs leading upward, and these having spacious landings. Those whose knees quake at the thought of eight stories to climb will feel relieved at the sight of the comfortable elevators on each side of the staircases, and running from the first to the upper story. Enough space for fresh air in the rooms will be secured by the height of the stories—the first (for stores), nineteen feet six inches; second, fourteen feet two inches; third, thirteen feet seven inches; fourth, twelve feet six inches; fifth, twelve feet; sixth, eleven feet five inches; and the roof-story, seven feet eleven inches. The interior court-yard will be ninety-four feet by one hundred and sixteen, affording thus a fine breathing-space for the occupants of the interior rooms. The hollow square thus formed by the surrounding walls of the building will be something imposing, even beautiful, with the gold-fish and the fountain. The basement will be fourteen feet below the level of the street, and its vaults will reveal the massive masonry which, Atlas-like, will shoulder the peopled iron world above. There will be a great engine for generating steam for heating the building, for raising and lowering the great elevators, for driving the vast fans that are to cool the summer air, and for lending iron sinews to the kitchen and the laundry. There are to be ventilating-shafts from top to bottom, eight by ten feet square. The kitchen and the laundry arrangements are to be upon the most improved hotel plans. The hotel-offices are to hold the persons who are to aid in the comfort of the inmates. Let us hope that the conventional

hotel-clerk, with his unapproachable dignity, will not be there. In the back part of the building, where there can be no stores, and where the contact with other buildings would impede the free access of air and light which all of the rooms are to have abundantly, the laundry and kitchen will be situated, and, above them, the large halls for various purposes. One of these will be the dining-room, conducted on the restaurant plan, thirty feet by ninety-two in dimensions. The great halls for lectures, concerts, and other recreations, and for the reading-room and library, will be of the same size. The sleeping-rooms will be of two kinds—the larger ones sixteen by eighteen feet in



Plan of Upper Floors.

space, and intended for two sisters or two friends rooming together; the smaller ones, eight feet by nine, for one person only. Experience in institutions of the kind shows that applicants usually have a marked preference for single rooms, and the moral advantage of this is no doubt very great.

The entire arrangement promises, to each working-girl who becomes an occupant, the comfort and convenience of a hotel, at an exceedingly small cost. Each one pays at the fixed rate for lodging; the benevolence of the idea consisting in the fact that each occupant is enabled to secure more of comfort and elegance than is ordinarily in the reach of the honest poor, at a cost even less than would otherwise attend the cramped and squalid rooms of the ordinary tenement-houses. The food will be furnished at cost, and each person will be enabled to regulate her expenses in proportion to her ability or inclination.

The Working-Woman's Home, at 45 Elizabeth Street, is under excellent management, and the only institution of the kind now in the city. It was built for tenement purposes, and the rooms are rather large for the present use, but it has answered the purpose well. Here the cost to each person is from three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents per week. This is much less than the usual expenses of a working-woman. A hall bedroom in any part of the city, convenient to business, costs at least four dollars a week, or a double-room with fireplace, seven dollars. Then fuel costs at the rate of thirty cents a day; and laundresses charge a dollar a dozen for plain clothes. Add to these, board or restaurant expenses, at from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and it will be seen that the present home in Elizabeth Street, organized as a club of two hundred and sixty residents for mutual economy, affords a great saving in the cost of living. It is to be regretted, however, that the present institution has

been classed as a city *charity*, for the honest independence of these working-girls revolts from charity, however kindly or delicately tendered. Their independent self-reliance is, next to purity of heart, the noblest thing in the class, and one well worth preserving.

At Mr. Stewart's great hotel, built expressly to foster individuality and self-dependence, the club for mutual economy may consist of fifteen hundred persons, and it is thought that all needed comforts can be covered by the small sum of two dollars per week.

The critic who gazes up at the great fronts, or wanders through the lofty halls, may ask if the extra money expended upon ornament, beauty, taste, comfort, splendor if you will, would not have erected two houses of a plainer structure? Perhaps it would. But it was not only the projector's purpose to secure strength, durability, space, lightness, and suitableness to the end in view, all of which could only be attained by liberal expenditure, but the elegant and the tasteful are ennobling, and the poor love the grand and the beautiful. It is even possible that some pure-hearted girl may forsake the little den, close to darkness, and shame, and crime—where she had lived because its vile filth was cheap; and may go to sleep in those white, cool rooms, with eyes dimmed with happy tears, and her thankful prayers going up to heaven, like the bright spray of the fountain that she still sees in dreams. Mr. Stewart's theory seems to have been that self-respect, which is—next to religion and virtue—the foundation of moral character, depends greatly upon the surroundings of the person. There was truth, which many have realized, in the maxim of Judge Whitner, of South Carolina, "Success in life depends upon dress and address." But the impression we make upon others is less important than the impression we make upon ourselves. To a person who dresses like a vagabond, there is but a step from the *feeling* of vagabondage to the *life*. To the person who lodges and feeds in the midst of pauper or criminal surroundings, there is but a step down to the class with which he has become assimilated by sight and contact. There is some guarantee of respectability in the beautiful home in which the very atmosphere is that of respectability, and where the expenses of life are so low, that each girl may attain to the graceful and appropriate in dress.

In this institution, the plan of combined economy with liberality is good, and, best of all, the resolve of the originator and founder, that no one shall make money out of what he gives. But it is all for young women, the orphans of society if not orphans in law, and there rests the grave responsibility. Girls are not to be taken from their city homes, unless poverty, or drunkenness, or crime, makes home no fit place for them. In this, the charter from the State should be liberal and broad in its incorporating powers. Strong but carefully prepared laws should make it a veritable house of refuge, for all those driven by necessity to its shelter.

In the similar building to be erected at equal cost for young men, the problem of the internal regulations will be much less difficult of solution. For the girls, it is to be hoped that this will be the next thing to those perfect homes over which fathers and mothers preside in love, and from which they can go forth to their own future homes, where husband and children will atone for the bereavements or misfortunes of childhood.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW CAREER.

It was twenty-four hours before the brothers met to consult over their darkened prospects. Their mother could kiss and weep over them, but she was not the kind of woman to direct or guide her boys. Such faint idea as she had in her mind was of a kind which would have en-

tirely defeated their father's purpose. "Never mind, my darling boy," she had said, soothingly, to her eldest son, though he was already a bearded man, with the stern Renton lines of resolution about his mouth. The poor little woman knew no better to console him than as if he had lost a toy. "We can all go on living at Renton all the same. I shall only have you so much the longer. We shall only want a little more economy, my dear," she said. "Perhaps that was what your dear papa meant. He knew how lonely I would be. Why can't we all live together as we have done? I have enough for you all by my settlement, and I am to keep Renton; and, when the seven years are past, it will be quite time enough to think of marrying. I should not be against you travelling—or any thing, Ben, my dear boy," the poor mother added, faltering, seeing the sternness on his face.

"No, mother dear," said her son. "No. What you have is for yourself. We shall all come to see you; but we are not such mean creatures as to live on you. Besides, that was not what he meant."

"Then, what did he mean?" said Mrs. Renton. "Oh, boys, that I should be driven to blame your dear papa! What could he mean if it was not to keep you a little longer with me?"

"He meant to put us on our mettle," said Laurie; "and he was quite right. We would be a set of sad lazy fellows if we stayed on here. We'll come and see you, mamma, as Ben says. Don't cry. We none of us want to marry, thank Heaven—at least," said Laurie, thoughtfully, "I hope so; that complication is spared at least."

"Dear boys, it is so much better you should not marry too soon," said Mrs. Renton, drying her soft eyes. "He must have been thinking of that. Oh, believe me, Ben, my own boy, it will turn out all for the best!"

"Yes, mother," said Ben, with the sigh of submission, perforce, and he went away with his own thoughts; Laurie followed him after a little interval; and Frank, upon whom the shock had fallen more lightly, stayed with his mother to amuse and cheer her. But they all met in the library in the afternoon to have a consultation over their fate. They were brothers in misfortune—a bond almost as strong as that of nature. It hurt their pride to go over the ground with any other creature, even their mother, who could not refrain from a hundred suggestions as to their father's meaning. But among themselves they were safe, and could speak freely, with the consciousness of having the same meaning, the same impulse, the same pride. They now discussed the will, but accepted it proudly, owing it to themselves, as their father's sons, to make no question. Already their hearts had risen a little from the blank depression of the previous night. It was Frank who was the first to speak.

"I'll tell you what I shall do," he said, with the rapid decision of youth. Frank had never been thought clever, though he was so candid and high-spirited; and, consequently, the decision to him was a less complicated business. "I shall exchange into the line, and go to India if I can. More fun," said the young soldier, trying hard for his old gayety, though there was still the gleam of a tear in his eye, "and little pay."

"Well, that is easily settled," said Laurie; "and I think very sensibly too. Only one thing we ought to think of. Whatever we others may decide upon, let one of us always be at hand for the sake of my poor mother. He always took such care of her. She wants to have one of us to refer to. We might take it in turns, you know."

"All right," said Frank, to whom, if he carried out his own plan, such a turn would be simply impossible; but the boy did not think of that. As for Ben, he was very hard at work considering his own problem, and knitting his brows.

"We are like the three princes in the fairy tales," said Laurie, "sent out to find,—what?—a shawl that will pass through a ring, or a little dog in a nutshell. That was to see which should reign, though. I hope our probation does not include that."

"I have made up my mind it does," said Ben, with a darker contraction of his brows; "it would be unmeaning else. When the seven years are over, we shall be judged according to our works. It's rather a startling realization, you know—"

"Old fellow," said Laurie, hastily, "of course I stand up for my father's will through thick and thin; but, will or no will, you know Frank and me too well to think either of us would ever take your place."

"I should hope so," said young Frank, leaning half over the table in his eagerness. "Ben can't think us such cads as that."

"I don't think you cads," said Ben; "but I shall stand by the will, whatever it is. I'll fight for my birthright, of course; but, since we are placed in this position, Laurie, it's no use talking. He that wins, must have. I shall stand by that."

"Well," said Laurence, "it is easy to tell which is most likely to win; so we need not dispute about it beforehand. The thing in the mean time is—what to do. I wonder how the fellow set to work who had the ten talents. As for me, I am the unlucky soul with one. You need not say pshaw! so impatiently. We have got into the midst of the parables, and may as well take example—"

"The question is," said Ben, "not what we have got into the midst of, but what you mean to do?"

Laurie shrugged his shoulders. "It is a great deal easier to talk than to do any thing else," he said, "for me at least. I suppose I must take to art. You need not tell me I have no talent," he added, with a slight flush. "I know it well enough to make my way. But what else can I take to? Moralizing is not a trade; or, at least if it is, it's overstocked; and I can't moralize on paper. I must go in for illustrations and that sort of thing. Undignified, perhaps, but how can I help that? There is nothing else I can do."

"A fellow with a university education, and as good blood in his veins as any in England," said Ben, with a little impatience, "might surely do better than that."

"What will my good blood do for me?" said Laurie. "Get me a few invitations, perhaps. And as for a university education—I might take pupils, if I had not forgotten most of what I've learned; or I might take orders; or I might go and eat my terms at the Temple. And what would any of them do for me? Fellows that have meant it all their lives would, of course, do better than a fellow who never meant till now. No; I have a little taste for art, if I have not much talent. I might turn picture-dealer, perhaps. Don't look so black, Ben. A man must make use of what faculty he has."

After that there was a pause, for Laurie did not care to put the same inquiry which he had just answered to his elder brother. And Ben did not volunteer any information about the part he meant to take. Ben could not evaporate in talk, as Laurie could. He could not make up his mind to his fate, and adapt himself to circumstances. Though his pride had forbidden him any struggle against his father's will, yet in his heart he was embittered against his father. There was injustice in it. Of course, he repeated to himself, fellows who had meant it all their lives must do better than fellows who only began to mean it in necessity. Laurie was right so far. And under this frightful disadvantage their father, of his own will, had placed them. Frank had a profession, and might be not much the worse. But Ben himself had been brought up to be heir of Renton. His heart grew hard within him as he thought it all over. It seemed to him that, if he had known it from the beginning, he would not have cared. He would have gone in for any thing—what did it matter?—professional work, a trade, or any thing, so long as he started fair, and had the same advantages as his neighbors. Now he must thrust himself into something which was already full of legitimate competitors. He sat and looked into the flame of the lamp, and took no notice of his brothers. But their fate added an aggravation to his own. Frank was not so bad: it made less difference to Frank than to any of them. An officer in a marching regiment was as good a gentleman as a Guardsman. But Laurie a poor artist, and himself he could not tell what! The thought galled him to the heart.

"And, Ben, what will you do?" said Frank. "We have told you, and you ought to tell us. I don't suppose you mean to stay on with mamma. What shall you do?"

"I don't know," said Ben, with a sudden descent into the depths of despondency—he had almost wept as he spoke. One had his profession, the other at least a taste, if nothing more. Poor Ben, the firstborn, had no speciality. He might have been a political man, with a hand in the government of his country, or he might have been a farmer, or he might have gone to Calcutta, as Dick Westbury had done; whereas, now, at four-and-twenty, he could not tell what to do.

"Never mind, you'll do the best of us all—you were always the cleverest of us all," said Frank, shocked at his brother's dejected looks; and then it flashed across them all what their father had said, that it would be most hard upon Ben.

"It's you who have the ten talents," said Laurie, "and Frank has the five; and you will go away one to your farm, and the other to your merchandise—isn't that how the story runs?—while I am

left with one in my napkin. Or, if that is too serious for you, let's take it on the other side. But, whatever you do, beware of the old woman whom we are all sure to meet as we set out, who will ask us to help her, and give us three gifts. I shall keep a very sharp lookout for that old woman," said Laurie, breaking the spell of stillness, and getting up. "Laugh at it? Yes, I am trying to laugh a little. Would you rather I should cry?" he said, turning upon his brother, with tears glistening in his eyes. It was a question which it would be. They were all, at this point, standing upon the alternative, between such poor laughter as might be possible and bitter tears.

All this sad and wonderful overthrow had come from Mrs. Westbury's indiscreet taunts to her brother upon the up-bringing of his sons. If that could have been any comfort to them, their Aunt Lydia was very miserable. They had never allowed her to finish her confession, and her heart was very sore over the injustice that had been done them. That same night she stole to Ben's door, and would have wept over him had that been possible. She was not an unkind or hard-hearted woman. It had been a kind of pleasure to her to contrast her nephew's idleness with the Renton traditions; but she was a true Renton, strong in her sense of justice, and there was nothing she would not have done for them now.

"Ben, let me speak to you," she said. "I did not mean it, far from that—Heaven knows. I wish my tongue had been cut out first. I know it would go against you to admit such a thing, if any one else said it; but, Ben, your father could not have been in his right senses. He never could have done it, if he had known."

"It is a question I can't discuss with you, Aunt Lydia," said Ben, standing at the open door and barring her entrance. "I think you are mistaken. I don't think it could be any thing you said."

"Ben, I know it!" said Mrs. Westbury. "I could not be mistaken. Let me come in, and I will tell you. It was done on Friday, and the unfortunate conversation was on Thursday night. He was very snapping to poor Laurie when we went back to the lawn;—but oh, if I could have known what was to follow it! Ben, I must come in and speak to you; I have a great deal to say. You know, there is our Dick—"

"Yes," said Ben. He had to let her in, though he did it with an ill grace. He placed his easy-chair for her, and stood leaning against the table, to hear what she had to say. He would not countenance or encourage her to remain, by sitting down, but stood with his candle in his hand, a most unwilling host.

"You are angry with me," said Aunt Lydia, "and you have reason. But what I want to say is about Dick. If your father had made this move at the right time, it is you who would have gone to Calcutta, Ben. You have the best right. My boy only went, as it were, to fill your place; and he ought to give it up to you now. Of course it was to my brother he owed the appointment. I don't say Dick should come home; but he has made some money and some friends; and, I think, he might do something for himself still, in another way, instead of taking your place."

"It is nonsense to call it my place," said Ben.

"I don't think it is nonsense: for my part, I think of justice," said Mrs. Westbury. "It would have been yours, had you been sent off six or seven years ago, as you ought to have been. Yes, I say as you ought to have been, Ben, like all the Rentons. None of us were ever fine gentlemen. The men always worked before they took their ease, and the women always managed and saved in our house; but you should not be turned out now, when you were not brought up to it. Ben, my brother was very cross to me that Thursday night. It was not he, poor fellow, it was illness that was working on him. He was not in his right mind; and the will ought to be broke."

"I can't have you say this," said Ben. "I can't let anybody say it. Aunt Lydia, we had better not discuss the question. We have all made up our minds to my father's will, such as it is."

"Then you are very foolish boys," said Mrs. Westbury; "when I, who would stand up for him in reason or out of reason, tell you so. Your father's good name is of as much consequence to me as it is to you. There never was a Renton like that before; but still, if it was to stand in the way of justice—And about Dick. You ought to write to him at once, to tell him he is to look out for something else for himself, and that you mean to take your own place."

"I shall never go to Calcutta," said Ben, shortly.

"Then, what will you do?" said his aunt. "You can't live on two

hundred a year—at least, you were never meant to live on it—you know that. And you can't live on your mother. Unless you are going out to India, what are you to do?"

"I shall find something to do," said Ben, briefly; and then he softened a little. "I know you mean to be kind," he said. "I am sure you meant to be kind; but I can't do any of the things you propose. I can neither question my father's will, nor live on my mother, nor turn out Dick. Let him make the best of it. I should think he had got the worst over now. And don't blame yourself. I don't think you were to blame. There must have been some foundation to work on in my father's thoughts; and it is done; and I will never try to undo it. We must all make the best of it now. Will you do one thing to please me, Aunt Lydia? Let Mary be with my mother as much as you can spare her. She will feel it when we are all gone."

"I will do any thing you please," said Mrs. Westbury, melted to tears. "Oh, to think I should have done you so much harm, and be so powerless to do you any good! But, Ben, you have not told me what you are going to do?"

"Because I don't know," said Ben, abruptly. He could not come to any decision. His aunt left him reluctantly when they had resolved this point, thinking, notwithstanding her compunction, or perhaps in consequence of it, that if his petition about Mary meant any special regard for her, she would not hesitate to give him her child. "He will make his way," she said to herself; "he will make his way." It was because he was a little hard and stern in his downfall that she thought so well of him; and her feelings were very different as she went prowling through the passages in her dressing-gown to knock at Laurie's door. Poor Laurie! nobody entertained any such confidence about him.

When Mrs. Westbury paused at Laurie's door, he was seated with his head buried in his hands before his table, on which lay the ruins, so to speak, of various youthful hopes. Though he had said so confidently that none of them wanted to marry, yet there were one or two notes on the table before him, in a woman's hand, which he had been looking over, poor boy, with a certain tightening of his heart. And there were hopes, too, of another kind: plans for travel, plans for such study as suited his mind, which it had been his delight to form for some time past, and which he had so little doubt of persuading his father to let him carry out. His little maps and calculations lay before him, all huddled together. That chapter of his life was over. He could smile at the change when they were all together, to help the others to bear it; but grief, and disappointment, and downfall, all fell upon him with additional force when he was alone. His eyes were wet when he sprang up at Aunt Lydia's summons, and shouted a "Come in," which was as cheerful as he could make it, sweeping his papers away as he did so into the open drawer of his table. He thought it was one of his brothers, perhaps Ben, come to get some comfort from his lighter heart. When Mrs. Westbury came in he was taken aback, poor fellow; but Laurie was too tender-hearted to be any thing but kind to his aunt. He cast down a heap of books, which were occupying the most comfortable seat in the room, and made a place for her, glad to turn away his face for the moment and conceal the tears in his eyes; but these tears would not be concealed. They kept springing up again, though he kept them from falling; and though he smiled, and began cheerfully, "Well, Aunt Lydia!" there was a sufficiently melancholy tone in both voice and face.

"We shall be going away to-morrow, Laurie," said Mrs. Westbury, "and I could not go without speaking to you. Oh, what a week this has been! When I think that it was only that last Thursday night—"

"Don't speak of it, please," said Laurie; "one has need of all one's strength. It is bad enough; but we must make the best of it. I wish you were not going away. I thought Mary would stay with my mother. How is she to get on when we are all gone?"

"I might leave Mary, for a little," said Mrs. Westbury, doubtfully; "and then we shall be close by at the cottage, where your mother can send for us when she pleases. Ah, Laurie, if you had only had a sister of your own!"

"If we had only had a great many things!" said Laurie, with an attempt at a smile; "but, as for that, Mary is as good as a sister. I never knew the difference. I think she is the best creature in the world."

"Yes," said Aunt Lydia, looking at him keenly, with an inspection very different from her manner to Ben; "she is a good girl; but you always used to quarrel, Laurie. I did not think she was so much to you."

"She always thought me a good-for-nothing fellow," said Laurie, with a little laugh, "like most other people. I must show you now, if I can, that I've got some mettle in me. But, Aunt Lydia, you have not come to say good-by?"

"No," said Mrs. Westbury, and then she made a pause. "I can't rest, Laurie; I can't keep quiet, and see you all in trouble—when it is my fault!"

"That is nonsense," said Laurie, decidedly. "You may be quite sure it had been turning over in his mind for some time; and quite right, too," the young man added, bravely. "How could we ever have known what stuff we were made of, else? If there is any good in being a Renton, as you have so often told us, now is the time for it to show."

"Oh, Laurie," said his aunt, weeping; "that is what breaks my heart. You have not a chance now, with the up-bringing you have had, and your poor mother's soft ways—not a chance! If my brother had only thought in time. This will could never stand if it were brought into a court of justice. He could not be in his right mind. Ben would not listen to me when I said so; but I must speak to you."

"You shall speak to me as much as you like," said Laurie, with his mother's soft ways; "but not on that subject. It is sacred for us, whatever other people may think. And, after all, you know," he said, with a smile, "it is only for seven years. I shall only be about thirty at the end of the trial—quite a boy!"

"Quite a boy!" said Aunt Lydia, very seriously; "but still I can't bear it. And, Laurie, though you are the least like a Renton of any of them, I have always been the fondest of you."

"Thanks, dear aunt," said the young man, and he kissed her, and led her half resisting to her own room. "All this excitement and want of rest will upset you," he said to her, tenderly; "and, Aunt Lydia, don't say any thing to Frank."

Laurie went back to his musings and his papers when she had made him this promise; and Mrs. Westbury had a good cry over the whole miserable business. "Upset me!" she said to herself, "as if I was a woman like his mother to be upset! Oh, if I could but do any thing for these poor boys!"

But at the same time she was glad in her heart that Laurie thought of Mary only as his sister. A mother has to consider every thing; and that could never have been, though it was a different thing with Ben.

These preliminaries being told, and the singular and unexpected nature of this family crisis fully explained, the historian of the Renton family feels justified in proceeding to his narrative of the fortunes of the three boys, and their adventures in the big changed world, upon which they were launched so abruptly. They all left the Manor together, in a sultry September day, just the day on which, under other circumstances, they would have been off to shoot grouse, or to climb Mont Blanc. Their mourning prevented such invitations as even in their changed fortune they would certainly have received, and the shock was so fresh on all of them that pleasure-making of any kind would have been impossible. They went out as if they had been putting to sea each man in his own bark, with no very sure compass or chart to rely on, and with minds braced high by resolution, but altogether unprepared for the trial, and unaccustomed to the labor. Perhaps it was as well for them that their ideas were so utterly vague and undefined touching the rocks and shoals and dangerous passages that lay in their way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY FIRST AND LAST TRIP UP THE RHINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

"The Rhine at last!"

There was the broad, sweeping river, yellow and glistening, moving grandly off to the sea; the noble bridge (which I sketched in rapture) spanning it directly before me.

The great cathedral, dark with age, loomed just to the left; the derrick on whose summit, to my amateur architectural eye, being a

foul blot upon its beauty, and a silent reproof to the generations which had left it there to say, "Not finished."

I made my preparations for departure in the morning boat; received minute notes of advice from the Ober Kellner, who spoke English; got through the "City of Odors" to the steamer-landing, thanks to good fortune, without mishap.

I found myself on one of the prettiest little steamers in the world, under an awning, and surrounded by a gay group of tourists.

I settled myself cosily on one of the little chairs, and gave myself up to placid reverie.

A familiar voice startled me from it.

"Why, as I live, if that isn't Demosthenes Dixon!"

It was my maiden aunt.

My maiden aunt, I must tell you, was Miss Wilhelmina Slatterscutt, a very stout, rich old lady of sixty—my departed mother's next younger sister. Miss Slatterscutt labored under the singular delusion that "something was the matter with her;" what, has never been sufficiently determined; something she had internally wrong, which gave her faint-fits, hysterics, and so on. She had been the favorite of a wealthy bachelor uncle, who had left her his property in a lump. I, in turn, was her favorite nephew. Her imaginary ills prompted her to travel a great deal for her health, and she had often urged me to accompany her, always in vain; thus she was, you may conjecture, surprised to see me on the Rhine boat.

My aunt was eccentric; if she hadn't died last spring and left me some cool thousands, I should say that she was very selfish, always pressing everybody into her service when occasion required.

So that, although it gave me some satisfaction to see a well-known face on board, my satisfaction was dampened by the fear that I should now be tied to my aunt for the rest of the journey.

The boat was off, and, in the interval between Cologne and the Seven Mountains, there was so little worth observing, that the time passed very pleasantly in conversation with my aunt, talking over family matters, and being regaled with a complete history of my maternal relations for the past three months.

I will be frank; my aunt was not alone.

She had a valet and a "companion," but that is not what I mean. There was a young lady sitting by her side.

I am not in the least what they call a "lady's man;" nay, my cousins have often declared me (though in this they exaggerate somewhat) a "woman-hater." I had always, to tell the truth, been quite indifferent to ladies' society; thought it a terrible bore to "get myself up" for a *soirée* or tea-party; considered myself as wedded to my books and my pipe. From afar, I admired, and rather stood in awe of the sex; had a vague idea that they were too excellent to approach—far from "woman-hating," therefore, you observe.

Still, somehow or other, I was pleased to see this young lady sitting by my aunt's side—her face was a pleasant, inviting one; the ease with which she received me when we were introduced by my aunt, and with which she made me entirely at home in her company in five minutes, made me grateful; and more, "Miss Weldstone is a niece of your Uncle Warton's," said my aunt.

On which, I surprised myself in a gallant speech—the first I ever knew myself to utter, about being very happy of an excuse to be considered her cousin, etc., not relevant to this narrative, and as I look back on it shockingly silly.

I took a seat opposite my aunt and the young lady.

After the history of my maternal relations, before referred to, had been happily finished, and my own explanation given, my aunt, always blessed with an appetite, ordered up some sandwiches, ale, and strawberries, and fell to eating them.

My aunt being thus for the while reduced to silence, a little disjointed conversation sprang up between the two unoccupied mouths.

About the weather, and the Rhine; the London season, travelling in general, life in chambers, hateful clubs; growing all the while imperceptibly more free and personal.

At last I found myself by Miss Weldstone's side, conning Bradshaw's Rhine with her, little side remarks edging in here and there, occasionally of the delicately complimentary sort; then little attentions, exhibitive of increased thoughtfulness and interest on my side; aunt still occupied with her lunch.

Plainly, there was an incipient flirtation; after a while it seemed to be recognized on both sides (this is not said from vanity, as the sequel will show) that there was a full-blown flirtation.

I was beginning to be absolutely happy; "This," thought I, "is well worth coming to the Rhine for. What a stupid dog I have been not to appreciate female society before!"

Just as these reflections were passing through my mind, a shadow fell upon me. I looked up.

A large, awkward-looking German, with a red mustache, a short coat, and dandy travelling-gear, opera-glass pendant at his side, fat hands covered with rings of huge dimension, was standing directly in front of us.

He was bowing very overwhelmingly at Miss Weldstone; she, with faint blush, was returning the salutation.

I shouldn't care a penny for that; but, confound the fellow, he was interrupting the most charming *tête-à-tête* I ever had.

It was all the worse because we had now passed Bonn, and Drachenfels was looming in sight, and becoming more distinct every moment.

The German opened a conversation with Miss Weldstone in his guttural native tongue; she replied in the same.

My aunt having finished her lunch, and settled herself comfortably for a good view of Drachenfels, I returned to her, and left the others to themselves.

But now there was a catastrophe.

My aunt, of a sudden, while I was gazing rapt on Drachenfels and Rolandseck, had one of her "bad turns."

The valet was out of the way—also the "companion."

I, therefore, had to perform their duty. This was, to aid my aunt in getting to the cabin, and to wait on her, assiduously, there. She insisted upon my being with her and ministering to her wants. She was so fond of me, she said, no one else could make her so comfortable. When such little necessities as brandy, bouillon, salts, etc., had been duly procured, I thought I might safely leave the old lady to her servants; "I am missing Drachenfels," thought I, "and, worse than that, I am being supplanted by that German bore on the settee above-stairs."

Yes, jealousy began to sprout up within me; I began to be nervous, though the calmest of men.

But, alas! it was not enough to bring my aunt her restoratives. "I must have some rest here," said she; "it will not do for me to go on deck."

"Now, Demosthenes, dear, there is no one in the world whom I love so dearly to hear read as you. I know you like to please me, don't you, now? Well, there is 'Arabella Stuart,' by dear Mr. James, in my little bag. You can't object to get it and amuse your poor sick aunt!"

There was no help for it. Though not lustful of riches, I have that ordinary prudence which suggests complaisance to those from whom we have "expectations;" my only course was to smother my twofold disappointment; for my aunt had, among other qualities, a temper.

For two hours or more I sat in that dark little cabin, reading about Arabella Stuart in the Tower, and thinking about Jennie Weldstone under the awning. Then, thanks to some peculiarly prosy moral reflections in the narrative, my Aunt Slatterscutt dropped off to sleep. Consigning my precious charge to her companion, I ascended the stairs with a light step.

He was not with her; she was alone, intent on Bradshaw, looking somewhat red, I thought. He was just walking away to a group of German ladies.

"Why, Mr. Dixon! Where can you have been all this while? and where is Miss Slatterscutt? I thought you must have both fallen overboard!"

"Ah, you were so engrossed with that German gentleman, that you would not have heard the splash if we had, then."

"Pooh! How foolish! He is the silliest, awkwardest, stupidest fellow I ever knew! Why didn't you come sooner, and rid me of him? I just talk to him to make sport of him, he is so dull."

Double consolation here; thinks he's silly—wants me to come in his stead! Being totally ignorant of the woman-nature, I was delighted.

"And pray who is he, if I may ask?" said I, laughing heartily.

"A great clumsy count from the Upper Rhine—Count Stingen-benheimer. You know counts count for nothing in Germany. I met him at Uncle Warton's *soirées* last spring. I assure you, Mr. Dixon, he is a great ninny."

So she went on, laughing about him, relating anecdotes of his clumsiness, repeated silly remarks he had made, and mimicked his scrappy voice, in which merriment I joined with great glee. Meantime, up came my aunt, restored to temporary vigor by sleep and a carafou of Rhine wine, and we passed to nobler themes.

I was more than satisfied with Miss Weldstone's treatment of me; she certainly acted as if she were beginning to like me very much. A little quick look of her eye now and then, or a delicately-worded compliment upon my taste, glowing enthusiasm over the little sketches I made of the ruins as we passed, and hopes, timidly expressed, that I should continue in the company of herself and my aunt as far, at least, as Mayence, made me thrill as I had never thrilled among my book attacks, and more intoxicated than I had ever been over Jenkins's best milk-punch.

I verily think I was in love. I thanked Jenkins, from the depths of my heart, for sending me hither.

I had intended to stop at several points between Bonn and Coblenz; but, as my aunt and Miss Weldstone were going directly through, I determined to make the stops returning, and to proceed with them. Several times, before we reached Coblenz, the German count came up and talked with my fair companion, but, as the conversation was in German, I could not tell whether she really made fun of him or not. She laughed often, and blushed often as well; seemed to be very much pleased—probably with his silly sallies.

We landed about the middle of the afternoon—and a lovely afternoon it was: old Ehrenbreitstein towering loftily on the other bank; Stolzenfels peeping from its wreath of foliage beyond; the sun glancing luminously across the yellow waters.

The German count went ashore also, with his troop of fat German dames; and, I observed, spoke to Miss Weldstone, and pressed her hand at parting. When his back was turned, she looked at me with a pretty sneer, as if to say, "Well rid of the goose."

Our quarters were at the "Hotel of the White Bear" (as Miss Weldstone—Jenny, I began to call her to myself—translated the gibberish on the signboard).

After seeing the ladies comfortably stowed away in two front-chambers, I went below to the reading-room to look at the English papers.

I there fell in with an old friend and brother Lingrayite, who always passed his summer on the Rhine, and was "up to every thing"—Ned Clipper. Mutual welcomes over, we sat down and had a cosy talk about London matters; then he proposed a walk, and took me over to the palace of the Prince of Prussia. I returned and took supper with my aunt and Miss Jennie. Clipper dining in mess that day with some officer-friends, I was much disappointed, on asking Miss Jennie to take a promenade with me by moonlight along the bank of the Rhine (alas, I had come to be thus sentimental!), when she regretfully declined, said she was dreadfully tired, thought Miss Slatterscutt would need to be taken care of. My aunt, hearing my invitation, looked at me in utter amazement, and said, "Yes, Demosthenes, don't take her away from your poor old aunt. Go off with your friend Clipper, and leave us to ourselves this evening."

Oh, Aunt Slatterscutt, were you a traitor, or a dupe?

Clipper was lounging about the reading-room when I entered. He came up to me with a quick step, saying—

"I say, Dixon, old boy, the fellows over at the mess tell me there is to be some fine fun going on the other side of the river to-night—a peasant's house-warming. The dancing, costumes, and eating, will be something quite original. You'll go, of course?"

Of course I would. It would be an excellent distraction to my thoughts, which were not such as were proper to a determined bachelor.

I will not describe what I saw—accounts of the same sort have been made by a hundred note-book tourists.

We returned about ten in the evening. As we approached the "White Bear," I observed, a short distance in front of us, a couple walking slowly—a tall, stout man, a medium-sized, graceful woman—arm-in-arm. I thought I recognized the female figure, and hastened my steps. Before, however, I got near enough to recognize them fully, they had vanished into the hotel.

"No, no," thought I, "away with suspicion! It could not have been she—and with him."

But—if it were she?

The next morning, when I met the ladies at breakfast, Miss Weld-

stone was more complacent and delightful than ever. She began, of her own accord, to make fun of Count Stingenbingenheimer.

That certainly could not have been she, then, last night.

Throughout the meal our conversation ran on unceasingly. I described my adventures over the river, she laughing heartily, and looking at me with an almost tender expression; and, after we had adjourned to my aunt's sitting-room, I had the satisfaction of observing what seemed to me certain indications of unceasing interest on her part.

Flattered so, I was deeper in love than ever.

My aunt, who had been taking a morning nap, finally came out of her chamber, and announced that we should depart for Mayence tomorrow morning.

A servant brought a note to her.

"Ah," said she, after reading it, "this is from Mrs. MacStork, an old friend of mine, who has a villa a little out of the town. I sent to inform her of our arrival yesterday, and she invites Miss Weldstone and myself to dine this afternoon. Of course we shall go. Shall we not, Jennie?"

"Oh, yes, it will be something quite new to see a Rhine villa and eat a Rhine dinner *en famille*."

"And, meanwhile," said my aunt, looking toward me—and I trembled, for I knew some sacrifice was coming—"meanwhile, Demosthenes, I am sure, will oblige us by going before and securing us rooms at Mayence. Travel is so great this year, and I *must* have nice accommodations."

Oh, certainly, I would go, with great pleasure.

So, about two o'clock, the ladies set out in a carriage for Mrs. MacStork's, I standing in the door, waving them off with my hat. A little distance up the street, the everlasting German count was coming toward the hotel. As he met the carriage, he waved his hat too, and I saw a head bow low at him from the vehicle—which was not my aunt's.

Then he came toward me, and, with a smile and bow, actually addressed me.

"Zis is Mr. Dixon, I believe," said he, "ze cousin of zat chaiming Mees Weldstone?"

I responded, rather surlily, that I was Mr. Dixon.

He continued to talk in an easy, good-natured way, so that I really began to think him a *not* disagreeable person.

Finally, I found myself chatting to him quite familiarly. I remembered Miss Jennie's fun-making, and was no longer jealous.

I saw a boat standing at the wharf; it had just arrived from below, and was evidently preparing to resume its trip up the river. I asked the count if that was the boat which was bound to Mayence. He looked at it a moment, and then, as if struck with a sudden idea, said:

"Yees, sare. I believe it ces. You will haf to hoory if you wish to catch it."

To rush into the hotel, get my portmanteau (which I had packed and brought down from my room after receiving my aunt's instructions), pay my bill, bid a hasty adieu to the count (whom I thus left on the field), was accomplished with a celerity quite unusual to me.

I reached the boat just as she was beginning to move off, and jumped on board. I had no sooner got there, however, than I observed that she was *turning round*.

I rushed to the edge of the boat, flung my portmanteau ashore, and prepared to follow it.

As I was about to jump, I felt myself held by the arms. Turning, I found that one of the employés of the steamer had me fast, and was grinning and shaking his head. Desperate, I wrenched myself from him. But it was too late; the boat was in the middle of the stream. Its bows were majestically turning toward *Cologne*; she was going *down* the river.

I was alone going back, going back on my tracks!

And, as I receded from the landing, two objects most prominently presented themselves to my despairing rage: my portmanteau, lying there quietly, unnoticed, and Count Stingenbingenheimer, in the distance, shaking with laughter, and mockingly beckoning to me to come back!

My next step was to remedy the blunder—which was not so easy, as I spoke not a word of German (Miss Weldstone had promised to instruct me), and could find no one who spoke English.

I dashed about frantically, the wonder of all who saw me. At last a young man came up who had been in the English army before Sevastopol; he "spoke a little."

To him I explained my dilemma.

He in turn explained it to the captain, who promised to let me off at the first village. He was as good as his word; a boat was lowered from the steamer, in which I took my place, and was soon put on shore.

Just then it began to rain—one of those murky, drizzling rains which have a tendency, particularly when in distressing circumstances, to make one blue.

The "village" (the name of which I neither know nor care to know) was the most desolate place I ever set foot in.

It consisted of about a dozen low mud-huts, and perhaps had a population of fifty or sixty peasants. There was no such thing as a tavern.

But there was a pretence of an office for steamboat-passengers, though why anybody should stop here I could not imagine. The office, it appears, was also a beer-saloon. Thitherward I directed my steps, stared at by the villagers. In the small room wherein was situated the office there were a fat, red, good-natured woman selling beer and "pretzels;" two or three stupid-looking villagers, drinking and talking; a soldier, on leave from Ehrenbreitstein; and a dandified tourist, a German, who had evidently met with a mishap similar to my own.

And now came the rub: to make them understand how I came there, and what I wanted to do—return to Coblenz as soon as possible.

My attempts throughout were a mortifying failure. I tried English and poor French upon each in turn, in vain; then resorted to pantomime, in which I only succeeded in making them stare, and then laugh. Even the dandy, who certainly looked intelligent, shook his head in despair when I tried to make him comprehend me.

This lasted until the day waned, and the fast-deepening twilight warned me that I must look out for a lodging.

Meanwhile, in despair, I saw two or three steamers go straight by, up the river to Coblenz; not being able to make anybody understand that I wanted to take them. For this was one of those way-stations where the steamer does not stop, but takes up any passengers who come out to it in small boats. This was dismal enough. After searching through the village for a lodging, it became evident that none was to be had, except on the benches of the "office;" the use of which, after much difficulty, I procured from the old woman, on tender of a couple of thalers.

The miseries of that damp, rainy night, I will not attempt to depict: suffice it to say that the rain dripped through the slatternly roof, upon me; that the villagers came and went for beer, noisily, till toward the small hours, keeping me awake; that when I did at last get to sleep, I slept till far into the next morning, and was awakened by the old woman, who seemed to have reflected and at last comprehended my desires, for when I rose and went to the door, she pointed out the first steamer of the day, rolling slowly up toward Mayence.

For breakfast I had pretzels and bad wine, which was like unto vinegar.

Then the old woman, whom I plied continually with loose gröschen, intimated to me, by pointing to the clock and then waving her finger up the river, that the next boat went at eleven.

I nodded my head violently in token of comprehension and assent.

At eleven, the boat was perceptible, coming thitherward. By dint of laborious pantomime, I understood that two men would row me out to her, for two gröschen; so bidding adieu to the unknown hamlet, I at last reached Coblenz again. As for my portmanteau, the German count had kindly put it in charge of a porter from the "White Bear," where I found it safe.

Where were my aunt and Miss Weldstone—and the count? Went this morning to Mayence.

It is quite needless to say that my solitude at the hamlet had intensified my feelings in regard to the latter lady.

I resolved on instant pursuit.

I took the rail at two, reached Mayence at four, and proceeded directly to the Hôtel de Mayence, where I knew they were to stop.

After making my toilet, I asked to see my aunt. Miss Slater-scute was asleep—couldn't be disturbed; Miss Weldstone was out.

I had nothing to do but to have a look at the town. Is it not

strange—I had forgotten all about castles and architecture for the last few days?

So I took a long promenade, went out to the quays, saw Gutenberg's statue, mounted into the park, and at last arrived at the cathedral, where, Bradshaw told me, "Charlemagne divided his empire among his degenerate sons."

It was growing twilight, and I had forgotten my recent troubles in the noble arches of the old edifice.

In one of the chapels were two persons, talking in undertone. They saw me, and drew back a little. Not being curious, I walked on unobserved.

Presently one came out, a gentleman, and strode rapidly off out at the side door near the altar. The other—a lady—came out also, and advanced toward me.

"I am so glad to see you once more, Mr. Dixon," said the voice of Miss Jennie Weldstone. "How on earth came you here?"

She was blushing somewhat, I saw; a man had just lit a candle near by.

I related my adventures in detail, edging in at intervals regrets at not having been able to accompany her to Mayence.

Somehow she was not particularly interested in my adventures. When I had finished, she changed the subject abruptly.

"Do you know, dear Mr. Dixon," said she, with great hesitation and shyness, "that you may, if you will, do me a very great favor?"

No task she could put upon me could be too great.

"Well, well, the fact is, Mr. Dixon—now do bear with me—but—but that German count—you, you know—at this I laughed, anticipating something ridiculous, at which she was more confused than ever, well, for all his awkwardness and foolish ways, I—like him ("Ghost of St. George!" thought I)—and—and—he wants me to marry him, and—well, I have told him I would! There it is! and now you will do me the greatest favor in the world if—if you will—break it to your aunt!"

Instead of visiting castles on the Rhine, I had been building castles in the air.

Here, in Mayence Cathedral, where cracked and broke in sunder the Carolingian empire, lay my castles in the air, shivered into atoms, whiffed off in smoke.

It was the crowning mishap of all. I, a sober bookworm of a bachelor, had been dragged out of my cosy corner at the inn, had gone through what has been related, to arrive here, and meet this!

What an account there was to settle with Jenkins!

There remains little to be told to those who have visited Rhineland in the flesh or with type's-eyes.

With a stoical composure, to which I look back with some pride, I acceded to the request of Miss Weldstone, and, taking my aunt in one of her amiable after-dinner humors, persuaded the good soul to consent as proxy to the young lady's guardian. But I could not stay in the region of the happy pair; so, after bidding adieu to the ladies with the excuse that I must hurry back to town, and swallowing my ill-will toward Count Stingenbingerheimer in a bottle of sparkling Moselle, which we drank together in the saloon below-stairs, I returned slowly down the Rhine. I visited a few castles and churches, making sketches thereof, which I must say are very much poorer than usual; thence found myself back in the dear old rooms, from which I hope never to stir to any great distance again.

How I settled with Jenkins, is not a matter of public interest, but I did settle with him.

If, from these my misadventures, any may derive a maxim or two of wholesome moral, I shall not regret having unbosomed myself.

A NIGHT IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

NEAR the gravelled carriage-road that winds around one of the most elevated and picturesque spots in the historic cemetery of Père la Chaise, is my uncle's family vault—a plain, solid, and rather unsightly structure, built in sepulchral chapel form, with but little regard to beauty of finish or architectural taste, and contrasting strangely with more modern and elaborately finished tombs surrounding it.

The exterior walls, though blackened by sixty years' or more exposure to wind and weather, are but little defaced, and give

promise of standing out stoutly against the inroads of Time for a good century to come.

My uncle has a reverential regard, amounting almost to devotion, for this ancient vault, and, our family being an old Catholic one, the interior was adorned, like nearly all the chapels in Père la Chaise, with the symbols of our faith. It contains the remains of my uncle's father and mother, his wife and only child, whom he loved better than all the world besides, and other near and dear kindred.

Time and time again has he been entreated to erect another monument more worthy of our name, and more in harmony with modern surroundings, but he has invariably and stoutly refused to entertain the idea. Even after the adventure I am going to relate, and but a few months prior to my departure for the United States, I took the liberty of suggesting some improvements or modifications that would tend to beautify the external appearance of the ungainly structure, when he warmly chided me for my importunities, saying that they were useless and annoying, since, on that point, he would remain inexorable, and would never consent, while he was living, that the pick and saw and hammer should work sacrilegious discord over the dust of his treasured dead.

Since the death of his wife, I had lived with him as an adopted son and heir-prospective to a considerable fortune, which his business tact and industry had enabled him to accumulate. I had grown up, under his tutelage, tenderly loved, and gratified in almost every wish that reason could suggest, wealth procure, or indulgence accomplish, save, perhaps, the unreasonable one, as he declared, of tearing down one of the first monuments erected in our beautiful cemetery, simply because its exterior did not happen to accord with my ideal of beauty and symmetry.

"You might as well," continued he, on one occasion, "go ask the friends of Dupuytren, whose tomb is so near ours, to remove the time-stained obelisk that marks the resting-place of the most distinguished surgeon France has ever produced, because the Countess Demidoff, or General Foy, or Casimir Periere, is honored with a more imposing and handsomer monument!"

The truth is, a place in this same vault is reserved for my humble self when I shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and I have never relished the idea of being stowed away in so dreary and repulsive-looking a receptacle. Often in my boyhood had I wondered if Gabriel's trump on the final day would open those solid walls and release the imprisoned dead; often, in the quiet of my little chamber, had the thought of one day lying there haunted my restless hours, when I vainly courted sleep to dispel childish fears; often, in later years, have I visited the spot while paying a tribute of respect to the dead, and never yet have I succeeded in overcoming that repugnance acquired in early life, and since deepened by the horrors of a night never to be forgotten.

Once, annually, the strong iron door, on ponderous hinges, that guarded the entrance to the vault, opened to admit relatives and friends who came, on the solemn *jour des morts*, to renew the *immortelles* and souvenirs of regret that ever adorned the little well-preserved altar inside.

I had been a regular attendant for years past, and, as the day was now fast approaching for the annual pilgrimage, was awaiting the return of my uncle, who had gone on a visit to Brussels, to bear my votive offerings, and with him mingle my tears of regret.

The evening before the *jour des morts*, I received a letter from him, stating that his stay would be protracted some weeks longer than he had expected. He could not, therefore, be in Paris on the morrow; so, after giving me many and minute details as to the management of his business and domestic affairs, earnestly urged me by no means to neglect paying the customary visit to the family vault, and renewing, as heretofore, the souvenirs of affection.

Matters of considerable business importance engaged my attention so much of the day, that it was after three o'clock before I returned home, preparatory to setting out for the cemetery, several miles distant from that quarter of the city.

As I proposed dining with a friend that evening, and should not return till late, I did not deem it necessary to call our carriage for the trip; so, hastily making necessary preparations, and instructing the *valet de chambre* not to expect me to dinner, but to await my return that night, I entered a cab, and, in due time, reached the "classic grave-ground of France."

The day was waning, and most of the visitors were returning from their pious pilgrimage when I arrived. Pushing my way through the crowd that encumbered the principal avenue in the cemetery, I hurried on, and soon reached my destination. The old vault, in the midst of declining day, looked more sombre than ever, and, as that part of the cemetery was now quite deserted, I inwardly resolved to make short work of my devotions, and return to more agreeable scenes outside of this city of the dead. Placing the *immortelles* and other tasty mementos on the marble slab of a neighboring vault, I applied the key to the lock, and endeavored to open the door. The rust and dirt, that had accumulated on and around it, seemed to have sealed it hermetically, and every effort to force it inward only served to show me that time was being wasted, when time was valuable indeed if I expected to get out of the cemetery that evening. The lock was of that spring-latch kind which requires constant pressure from the key in order to keep the bolt withdrawn, and this necessity prevented me from exerting full strength against the massive door. I had almost determined to abandon the undertaking, or hurry off in quest of assistance, when I concluded to make one more tremendous trial. Bracing my feet against a large stone, which I contrived to roll near, and turning the latch, I lay to with might and main. The dirt and rust commenced cracking; the hinges gave forth a hoarse, grating sound; the door yielded suddenly, ere I could recover, and I fell headlong inside the vault. The door closed behind me with a heavy jar, and I was left in total darkness. Stunned by the fall, it was some moments before I was able to rise, and it was only after groping my way back to the door, and finding it closed—the key outside, and I a helpless prisoner—that I began to realize all the horror of my situation. In vain I shouted for help; in vain I pounded the solid iron with feet and hands; I might as well undertake to lift the stern walls that imprisoned, and now almost deafened me with the echo of my feeble voice and frantic efforts, as seek to make myself heard by any one outside, even had there been any remaining straggler in that locality. I tried the door again and again, only to find that it was securely and solidly fastened. Instinctively I put my hands in my pockets—thank Heaven, my cigar-matches were there, and I could, at least, have a temporary gleam of light to relieve the painful and almost tangible darkness that enveloped me! I struck one. Was it fatality, was it nervousness, or was it humidity, that prevented one, two, three, four, five, from lighting? I felt again, determined to be more cautious—a few only remained in the box—the sixth was tried, and succeeded. Eagerly looking around, I discovered—with what inexpressible joy I will leave the reader to imagine—the two long wax-tapers, standing on either side of the small ivory crucifix on the altar, just as I had placed them there one year before! They were intact, and, after cutting off a small part of one, I managed to make the wick burn. This was temporary relief. It was something to be able to see around me, and, if I had to die from starvation or suffocation within those dreary walls, I could look upon the cross, and the meek and holy countenance of the Virgin Mary, who now seemed to whisper words of comfort from the little mouldering frame that hung over the altar.

The air was becoming painfully close and oppressive—the sulphur-smell of the match I had lighted almost stifled me—the taper soon began to burn feebly and indistinctly as in a

mist. More and more oppressive grew the atmosphere of my prison-vault—dimly and more dimly flickered the feeble rays from the long taper. Great God! what should I do to avoid a horrible death by suffocation? Something must be done, and done quickly, or a few moments more would seal my fate! Gasping for breath—my brain reeling—I snatched the crucifix from the altar—pressed it to my bosom, and, appealing to Holy Mary and all the saints in the calendar for deliverance from the terrible death that threatened me, rushed frantically to the door—with difficulty inserted my knife-blade between its upper edge and the iron frame that fitted it, and pried away with all my remaining strength. All efforts were in vain until the crucifix was used as a fulcrum, when, pressing my mouth to the spot, I felt—sweeter than the nectared sweetness of beauty's lip—a light kiss of fresh air that entered, reviving my fainting spirits, and, ere long, giving me light and atmosphere enough to see and breathe.

I looked at my watch. It was after seven o'clock. I had been nearly three hours a prisoner. I knew the gates of the cemetery were closed, and darkness reigned without. There was no hope for my deliverance that night. Would there be the next day, or the next, or ever? Would my friend, who expected me to dinner—would the servant, who vainly awaited my return that night—ever think of looking for me in the cemetery? Would the small key in the door outside ever attract the attention of any one passing, and, if so, would curiosity prompt a turning of the latch? Would the souvenirs, deposited on the other tomb, be noticed, and, if so, would any one suppose they belonged to other than the friends of him or her upon whose tomb they rested? How long could life be sustained without food or water in my narrow cell? How long could frail humanity hold out against the crushing agonies of moments and hours that seemed eternities? All these and a thousand other thoughts crowded upon my aching brain, until my senses became bewildered, nature was exhausted, and, fearing that I was destined to be entombed alive, yet hoping and praying for rescue, I sank upon the stone that separated me from the buried dead, and slept.

Visions of the sheeted dead haunted my feverish slumbers, and hideous ghouls held revel over my helpless body. Old Dupuytren, with grim, sepulchral visage, stood over me, scalped in one hand and a ponderous volume of pathological surgery in the other. With a Satanic grin of satisfaction, he cut away piece by piece, referring now and then to his favorite volume, by way of reassurance, until my whole body was laid open to the researches of science. Powerless, motionless, I lay until the old man finished the dissection, and left, disgusted at finding no other elements of disease than those originating from excessive fear and physical prostration. Next came, in grim procession, all the aunts, cousins, second cousins, and numerous kindred, that I had seen interred since my childhood. One by one they welcomed me to the land of spirits; then, gathering around, began, with mocking laugh and unearthly yell, to dance the *can-can* on my poor body. My aunt, who in her lifetime was remarkable for muscular strength and wonderful activity, danced longer and heavier than all the rest, fairly outstripping the belles of the *Jardin Mabille*. She threw herself in wild contortions, and, lifting her foot high in air, brought it down with such tremendous force, that I awoke, to find anxious friends who had found me at last, and came to rescue me from the dread terrors of a living tomb.

Not returning home as expected, my faithful servant had set out in quest of me early that morning; my friend, with whom I was to have dined, was alarmed; other friends were put on the track; foul play was suspected. The city was searched, and, finally, the cemetery, where I was found, more dead than alive, after eighteen hours' imprisonment.

Weeks passed before I recovered from the fever and delirium which followed that fearful night with the dead. Its horrors have prematurely silvered locks that were once golden,

and its memories yet rush upon my mind with terrible vividness whenever I recall the gloomy old vault in the cemetery over the water.
A. O. R.

THE NEST.

AT the poet's life-core lying
Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
Where, as yet unfledged for flying,
His callow fancies rest:

Fancies, and thoughts, and feelings,
Which the mother Psyche breeds,
And passions whose dim revealings
But torture their hungry needs.

Yet—there cometh a summer splendor
When the golden brood wax strong,
And, with voices grand or tender,
They rise to the heaven of song.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

A STATESMAN'S WIFE.

[The subjoined sketch of an incident in the life of Mrs. Thomas H. Benton was furnished by a relative of the late Mr. Benton's family, and, as we are informed, has not hitherto been published.—Ed.]

NOTHING has been written of Mrs. Benton, the wife of one who has been called "the Warwick of the Democracy." Yet hers was a brilliant life for nearly twenty years—brilliant it would have been from her own great powers of mind alone.

In person she resembled so closely Girard's portrait of Madame de Staël, that the family think it better than portraits made from life of herself. Her health was always good till in her early married life she received a shock which entailed on her years of suffering, finally causing her death.

A young girl, the daughter of an innkeeper, in a village near Mrs. Benton's Virginia home, had been betrayed, and through sorrow and shame had lost her reason. In her frenzy she had destroyed her babe. Mrs. Benton, who knew her well, interposed in her behalf, and had her sent to the lunatic asylum in Staunton. When she became calm and docile, she was discharged as incurable but harmless.

She was accustomed to wander about the neighborhood of Mrs. Benton's residence, and to visit frequently the house. When the family came from Washington, she would come to receive the presents brought her by the lady, and manifested the most extravagant joy over them. She would take home the pretty articles of dress, put them on, and tell everybody that she was expecting "him;" "he" was to return in the spring to marry her; and "see, dear Miss Betsey" had brought her these wedding-things.

The servants at Mr. Benton's called her "Old Sally;" for she was no longer a pretty girl, but an anxious, weather-beaten, demented woman—and the white ribbons, and flowers, and bits of white finery, were always kept for her. When wandering through the woods and orchards in spring, too, she would cover herself with white blossoms, and go on singing in a high, wild key. She always carried a heavy staff—usually the bough of a young tree—but never offered to harm any one. The only thing that moved her anger was to hear any one say "he" was not coming. This would bring back her madness.

Whenever "Miss Betsey," as she always called Mrs. Benton, was at home, Sally was fond of coming to the house; was gentle, and pleased to be noticed and humored, in her sad fancy of making herself beautiful for eyes that would never look on her again.

In the warm weather all the doors of the house stood open all day. One day Sally came in a stern mood—some one, child or servant, having crossed her—and, entering unperceived, passed through the rooms to the chamber where Mrs. Benton was lying on a couch, resting after a walk. Sally regarded the lady attentively as she slept. Full of love and gratitude to her kind friend, she would have done any thing to please her.

Some wild thought stirred in her tangled brain as she gazed. She afterward described it as a vision. "I saw her," she said, "sleeping there, happy, in her father's house; I knew that when her baby was born her father would curse her, and put her out of doors; and then 'he' never would come back to her. I was determined to kill her before she could wake up and be made miserable."

The wretched experience of the poor woman had seared her brain, and she nerved herself for her dreadful task. Mr. Benton was in an adjoining room, and heard the strange whispering, broken by wild sobs. He came in, and saw the woman with her heavy bough uplifted, and ready to dash it with all her force upon the head of his unconscious wife. Springing forward he was just in time to arrest it, and avert the death-blow. The maniac struggled violently in his grasp, as he strove to hurl her away.

Mrs. Benton, suddenly awakened, saw the furious madwoman intent on her deadly purpose, the descending bough, and the desperate struggle that ensued. The fright almost paralyzed her. The death of the infant born soon after, and a severe illness that followed, prevented her recovery from the fearful shock she had undergone. Thus was her constitution impaired, and the suffering begun, which ended in a complete breaking down of the nervous system.

The seven years of invalid life that followed, brought out the unselfish and loving care of Mr. Benton, and won from all who saw him more esteem than his greatest public services could command. The nature of one had acted on the other during their time of health; and, even when health had departed, Mrs. Benton's noble principles, and the consistent use she had made in full strength of all her powers for good, still guided her husband. Her numerous and sustained acts of charity may never be known; for she was always reticent, and, though cheerful, and quick of wit, shy of revealing her deeper feelings. But the poor who came to her funeral—the men in high position, who, standing by the dead, said to her daughter, "But for her I was a lost man," "What I am now I owe to her admonitions and encouragement"—the women, respected by all, who there confessed that she had secretly helped them through the black hours when suicide or open braving of dishonor seemed the only alternative left them—these, and the testimony of her faithful colored servants, who, freed by her, remained with her on wages—witnessed, and showed by their grief, that neither station, nor wealth, nor worldly honors, nor great powers of mind, nor the allurements of fashionable society, had been able to win her to live for herself.

Some observations, often made by Mr. Benton and his gifted wife, illustrated the character of each. Passionately fond of poetry, flowers, music, and little children, Mrs. Benton especially loved the writings of Scott. Jeannie Dean's speech to the queen—"It's not what we have done for ourselves, my leddy, but what we have done for others, will help us then;" and the bailie's remark that "some are o'wre gude for banning, and o'wre bad for blessing, like Rob Roy"—expressed her ideas and feelings. Mr. Benton's well-known opinion that "party was too tremendous an engine to use against a poor clerk, whose salary was all that stood between his family and starvation, and too small a consideration where the national honor was involved," was a saying in the same spirit.

Thus harmonious and elevated were the views of those two noble beings, so united that the memoir of one is incomplete without that of the other.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

VIII.

GROANING.

THEY moved.

They advanced in the passage.

No preliminary record. No registrar's desk. The prisons of that day were not given to scribbling. They contented themselves with closing on you, often without knowing why. To be a prison, and to have kept prisoners, was enough for them.

The company had to spread itself out and take the form of the passage. They walked almost one by one, first the wapentake, next Gwynplaine, then the justice of the quorum, lastly the policemen, moving in a body and stopping up the passage behind Gwynplaine like a plug. The way grew narrower; Gwynplaine now touched the wall with both elbows; the vault overhead, made of pebbles embedded in cement, had, at intervals, coverings of granite that projected so as nearly to block the path; it was necessary to lower one's head in order to proceed; no running possible in this corridor; a man escaping would be forced to go slowly; the gut twisted about; all entrances are winding, a prison's as well as a man's. Here and there, now to right now to left, square cuttings in the wall gave glimpses, through heavy grates, of staircases, some rising, some sinking. They came to a closed door; it opened; they went through; it closed again. Then they found a second door which gave them entrance; then a third, which similarly turned on its hinges. These doors opened and shut of themselves, as it were. No one could be seen. And, while the passage grew narrower, the vaulted roof grew lower, so that it was necessary to walk with the head bowed. The wall distilled moisture; drops of water fell from the roof; the stones which paved the passage were as slimy as intestines. The pale, scattered gleams, which did duty for light, grew more and more opaque; the air was giving out. And, saddest of all, they kept going down.

It required attention to perceive that they were going down. In the dark, a gentle slope is ominous. Nothing so terrible as obscurities, on which we come by imperceptible descents.

To descend is the entry into the fearful unknown.

How long did they walk thus? Gwynplaine could not have told.

Minutes lengthen themselves out immeasurably, when passed through the rolling-mill of anguish.

Suddenly they stopped.

The darkness was dense.

The passage was, somehow, wider.

Gwynplaine heard close to him a noise, of which the Chinese gong alone could give an idea; something like a blow struck on the diaphragm of space.

It was the wapentake, who had just struck his staff against a sheet of iron.

This sheet was a door.

Not a door which opens on hinges, but a door that is pulled up and let down. Almost like a portcullis.

Something creaked harshly in a groove, and Gwynplaine had suddenly before his eyes a square patch of light.

The iron had been drawn up into a cleft of the vault, much as the door of a mouse-trap is lifted.

An opening presented itself.

The light was not daylight; it was a mere glimmer; but to the fully dilated eyeballs of Gwynplaine, this sudden though pale illumination was at first like the shock of a flash of lightning.

It was some time before he could see any thing. To distinguish objects, when dazzled, is as difficult as in the dark.

As by degrees his pupils adapted themselves to the light, as they had done to the darkness, he at length saw; the light, which had at first appeared to him too vivid, grew softer and pallid to his eye; he risked a look into the opening that yawned before him, and beheld a fearful sight.

At his feet, some twenty high steps, narrow, dilapidated, nearly perpendicular, without a rail on either hand, forming a sort of stone crest, like a piece of wall bevelled into a staircase, entered and sank into a very deep cellar, reaching the bottom of it.

This cellar was round, with a vaulted roof on cross-arches; and these arches were inclined—by reason of the imperfect level of the lintels—a displacement peculiar to all excavations upon which very heavy buildings have been piled.

The sort of cutting which took the place of a door, and which the sheet of iron had disclosed, was made in the vault, so that from this height the eye plunged into the cellar as into a well.

It was a huge cellar, and if it were the lower part of a well, the well must have been gigantic. The old phrase, "bottom of a den," could not have been applied to this cellar, unless you imagined a den of lions or tigers.

The cellar was neither paved nor flagged. It had for floor the moist and cold earth found at such depths.

In the middle of the cellar, four low and shapeless columns supported a canopy with heavy cross-arches, the four branches of which, joining inside the canopy, made something like the inner part of a mitre. This canopy, like the shrines under which sarcophagi were formerly kept, rose up to the vault and made in the cellar a species of central chamber, if the name of chamber can be given to a compartment open on all sides, having four pillars instead of four walls.

From the keystone of the canopy hung a round copper lantern, barred like a prison window. This lantern cast around—on the pillars, the vaulted roofs, and the circular wall seen dimly behind the pillars—a wan light, checkered with lines of shadow.

It was this illumination which had dazzled Gwynplaine at first. Now it was nothing more to him than a ruddy glow scarcely distinct.

No other light in this cellar. Neither window, door, nor air-hole.

Between the four pillars, precisely under the lantern, in the spot where there was most light, a pale and fearful outline was laid flat on the earth.

It was stretched on its back. You saw a head whose eyes were closed, a body whose trunk was hidden under an indistinct, shapeless mass of something, four limbs united to the trunk in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and drawn toward the four pillars by four chains fastened to the feet and hands; these chains ended in iron rings at the foot of each column. This shape, fixed in the horrid attitude of a victim about to be quartered, was icy and livid as a corpse. It was a naked man.

Gwynplaine, petrified, stood on the top of the staircase and looked.

Suddenly he heard a gurgle.

The corpse was alive.

Close to this spectre, in one of the arches of the canopy, one on each side of a large arm-chair raised upon abroad flat stone, stood upright two men dressed in long black wrappers, and in the arm-chair was seated an old man covered with a red robe, pale, motionless, ominous, a bouquet of roses in his hand.

This bouquet of roses would have given information to a person less ignorant than Gwynplaine. The right to sit in judgment, holding a nosegay, distinguished a magistrate at the same time royal and municipal. The lord-mayor of London

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

still sits thus. It was the duty of the first roses of the season to aid the judges in their duty.

The old man seated in the arm-chair was the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

He had the rigid majesty of a Roman senator.

The arm-chair was the only seat in the cellar.

Alongside of it might be seen a table covered with books and papers, on which was placed the long white wand of the sheriff.

The men standing on the sheriff's right and left were two doctors, one of medicine, the other of laws, the latter distinguishable by the sergeant's coif on his wig. Both wore the black gown; one as judge, the other as physician. Men of these two classes wear mourning for those whom they kill.

Behind the sheriff, on the edge of the step made by the flat stone, was crouched—with a writing-desk near him on the flag, a pasteboard portfolio on his knees, and a sheet of parchment on the portfolio—a recorder's clerk in a round wig, pen in hand, like a man ready to write.

This clerk was of the class called "bag-keepers," as shown by a bag lying before him at his feet. These articles, formerly employed in lawsuits, were called "justice-bags."

A man, entirely clothed in leather, leaned his back against one of the pillars, crossing his arms. He was the executioner's servant.

These men seemed fixed by enchantment in their gloomy position around the chained prisoner. Not one of them stirred or spoke.

A monstrous tranquillity reigned over all the scene.

What Gwynplaine saw there was a torture-cellar.

These cellars abounded in England. The crypt of Beauchamp Tower was long used for this purpose; so was the vault of the Lollards' prison. Of this sort was the underground cell called "Lady Place Vaults," which may still be seen in London. There is a fireplace in it, to heat irons, if necessary.

All the prisons of King John's time—and Southwark jail was one of these—had their torture-cellar.

What follows frequently happened in England then, and might literally, in a criminal case, be done there even now, for all those laws still exist. England presents the singular spectacle of a barbarous code living on good terms with liberty. We must confess that the family arrangement works well.

Still, a little distrust might not be out of place. Let a crisis come, and vengeance may possibly awake. English legislation is a tame tigress. She shows her velvety paws; but her claws are there still.

It is wise to cut the claws of the law.

Law almost ignores right. On one hand penal enactments, on the other humanity. Philosophers protest; but much time will yet elapse before human justice shall have become one with real justice.

Respect for the law; that is the English motto. In England the laws are so much venerated, that they are never abolished. The escape from the consequences of this veneration is the not executing them. An old law fallen into disuse is like an old woman; but it is not necessary to kill either of the venerable ladies; you merely let them alone. They have the right to think themselves perpetually young and beautiful. They are allowed to dream that they still live. This politeness is called respect.

The Norman practice is aged and wrinkled enough; that does not prevent more than one English judge from casting sheep's eyes at it. Any atrocious bit of antiquity is lovingly preserved, if it be Norman. What more barbarous than the gibbet? In 1866, a man* was condemned to be quartered, the quarters to be placed at her Majesty's disposal.

But the torture has never existed in England.

History says so. The assurance of history is charming.

Matthew, of Westminster, notes that "the Saxon law, very clement and kind," did not punish criminals with death, and he adds that it only "cut off their noses, put out their eyes, and castrated them!"

Gwynplaine, bewildered, at the top of the staircase, began to tremble in every limb. He experienced every kind of shudder. He tried to remember what crime he could have committed. To the wapentake's silence had succeeded the vision of punishment. A step forward, but a tragic one. He saw the gloomy legal puzzle, in which he felt himself trapped, growing darker and darker.

The human form on the ground uttered a second gurgle.

Gwynplaine felt his shoulder gently pushed.

This push came from the wapentake.

Gwynplaine understood that he must go down.

He obeyed.

He descended the staircase step by step. The steps were very shallow and eight or nine inches high. Moreover, there was no hand-rail. It was not possible to descend without care. Two steps behind Gwynplaine came the wapentake, holding the iron weapon erect; and behind him, at the same distance, came the justice of the quorum.

Gwynplaine, while descending these stairs, felt his hopes strangely swallowed up. It was a sort of death, step by step. Each successive stair put out a light in his soul. Growing paler and paler, he reached the bottom of the staircase.

The species of ghost chained on the ground to the four pillars continued to gurgle.

A voice in the obscurity said:

—Come forward.

It was the sheriff who addressed Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine took a step forward.

—Nearer, said the voice.

Gwynplaine took another step.

—Quite near, repeated the sheriff.

The justice of the quorum murmured in Gwynplaine's ear, so gravely that the whisper was solemn:

—You are before the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

Gwynplaine walked up to the tortured man whom he saw stretched in the middle of the cellar. The wapentake and the justice of the quorum remained where they were, and let him advance alone.

When Gwynplaine, fairly arrived under the canopy, had a near view of the wretched object which he as yet had only seen from a distance, and which was a living man, his fear became terror.

The man bound on the earth was entirely naked, except that hideously decent rag which might be called the fig-leaf of torture, which was the Roman *succingulum*, and the Gothic *christipannus*, and of which our old Gaulish jargon made the word *cripagnie*. Christ on the cross had only this scrap of covering.

The awful sufferer, whom Gwynplaine regarded, seemed to be a man of from fifty to sixty. His chin was rough with the white stubble of a beard. His eyes were shut and his mouth was open. All his teeth could be seen. His thin, bony face was like a death's head. His arms and legs, fastened by the chains to the four stone posts, made the figure of an X. On his chest and belly was an iron plate, and on this plate were placed in a heap five or six large stones. The gurgling sound which he uttered was sometimes a respiration, sometimes a groan.

The sheriff, without letting go his bouquet of roses, took from the table, with the hand which he had free, his white wand, and raised it perpendicularly, saying:

—Obedience to her Majesty!

Then he replaced the wand on the table.

After which, slowly as a death-knell, without a gesture, motionless as the sufferer, the sheriff raised his voice.

He said:

* The Fenian Burke, May, 1866.

— You, prisoner, who are here bound in chains, listen for the last time to the voice of justice. You have been taken from your cell and brought to this jail. Properly questioned in the legal forms, *formaliis verbis pressus*, without regard to the summons made to you by reading, and which will be made again, inspired by a spirit of wicked and perverse obstinacy, you have enveloped yourself in silence, and refused to answer the judge, which is a detestable license, and constitutes, among the actions punishable with seclusion, the crime and misdemeanor of overtneus.

The sergeant of the coif, standing at the sheriff's right, interrupted him, saying in an indifferent tone that was inexpressibly mournful:

— *Overhernessa*, Laws of Alfred and Godrun, Chapter Sixth.

The sheriff resumed:

— The law is revered by all, save the robbers who infest the woods where the hinds bring forth.

Like one bell tolling after another, the sergeant repeated:

— *Qui faciunt vastum in foresta ubi dama solent fouininare*.

— He who refuses to answer the magistrate, continued the sheriff, is obnoxious to every charge. He is considered capable of every vice.

The sergeant broke in again:

— *Prodigus, decorator, profusus, salax, ruffianus, obriusos, luxuriosus, simulator, consumptor patrimonii, helluo, et gluto*.

— All vices, said the sheriff, suppose all crimes. He who admits nothing confesses all. He who preserves silence, before the judge's questions, is virtually a liar and a parricide.

— *Mendax et parricida*, said the sergeant.

Then said the sheriff:

— Prisoner, you are not allowed to exile yourself by silence. The counterfeit fugitive wounds the dignity of the law. He is like Diomed wounding a goddess. Silence before justice is one form of rebellion. Treason to justice is treason to the sovereign. Nothing can be more detestable or more rash. He who withdraws himself from examination steals the truth. The law has provided for him. In such cases, the English have from all time enjoyed the right of fosse, fork, and chains.

— *Anglica Charta*, year 1088, said the sergeant.

And he added with the same mechanical gravity:

— *Ferrum et fossam et furcas cum aliis libertatibus*.

The sheriff continued:

— Therefore, prisoner, since you have not chosen to quit your silence, although of sound mind, and perfectly understanding what the judge asks you, since you are diabolically refractory, you have incurred an infernal punishment, and you have been, in the terms of the criminal statutes, put to the torture called *la peine forte et dure*. This is what has been done to you. The law demands that I should declare it to you officially. You have been brought into this underground dungeon, you have been stripped of your garments, you have been laid on your back upon the ground, your four limbs have been stretched and bound to four columns, as the law commands, a sheet of iron has been placed upon your belly, and as many stones laid on your body as you can bear. "And more than he can bear," says the law.

— *Plusque*, added the sergeant, in confirmation.

The sheriff continued:

— In this position and before prolonging the question, there was made to you by me, sheriff of the county of Surrey, repeated summons to speak and answer, and you satanically persevered in silence, although in hold of fetters, chains, stocks, shackles, and irons.

— *Attachamenta legalia*, said the sergeant.

— On your hardened refusal, said the sheriff, it being proper that the obstinacy of the law should equal the obstinacy of the criminal, the question continued as the edicts and texts order.

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink.

— *Hoc est superjejunare*, said the sergeant.

There was a moment's silence. The horrible hissing respiration of the man under the pile of stones was audible.

The sergeant-at-law completed his interruption.

— *Addo augmentum abstinentie ciborum diminutionis. Consuetudo Britannica*, five hundred and fourth article.

These two men, the sheriff and the sergeant, spoke alternately; nothing could be more gloomy than their immovable monotony; the mournful voice answered the ominous voice. It was like the priest and the deacon of torture celebrating the ferocious rites of the law.

The sheriff recommenced:

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink. The second day, you had food, but no drink; three morsels of barley bread were put into your mouth. The third day, you had drink, and no food. There was poured into your mouth, at three times and in three glasses, a pint of water taken from the gutter of the prison drain. The fourth day has come. It is today. Now if you still refuse to answer, you will be left there till you die. Such is the will of justice.

The sergeant, always ready with his refrain, expressed his approval:

— *Mors rei homagium est bona legi*.

— And while you feel yourself dying thus lamentably, continued the sheriff, no one will assist you, even though the blood should start from your throat, from your beard, and your armpits, and out of all the pores of your body from your mouth to your loins.

— *A throtebolla*, said the sergeant, *et pube et subhirreis et a grugno usque ad erupponem*.

The sheriff went on:

— Attention, prisoner, for the rest concerns you. If you renounce your execrable silence, and confess, you will only be hung, and you will have a right to the *meldefeok*, which is a sum of money.

— *Damnum confitens*, said the sergeant, *habeat meldefeok. Leges Ina*, chapter twenty.

— Which sum, urged the sheriff, will be paid you in doitkins, suskins, and gallihalsens, the only case in which this coinage can be used, according to the terms of the statute of abolition, in the third year of Henry V., and you will have the right and enjoyment of *scortum ante mortem*, and then you will be hanged on the gallows. Such are the advantages of confession. Will you answer the judge?

The sheriff stopped and waited. The sufferer remained motionless.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Prisoner, silence is a refuge in which there is more danger than safety. Obstinacy is a damnable wickedness. He who is silent before the judge is a felon against the crown. Do not persist in this unfilial disobedience. Think of her Majesty. Do not resist our gracious queen. When I speak to you, answer her. Be a loyal subject.

There was a rattle in the prisoner's throat.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Thus, after the first seventy-two hours of the question, we are here at the fourth day. Prisoner, this is the decisive day. It is for the fourth day that the law assigns the act of confrontation.

— *Quarta die, frontem ad frontem adduce*, murmured the sergeant.

— The wisdom of the law, continued the sheriff, has chosen this supreme hour, in order to secure what our ancestors called "judgment by mortal cold," since it is the moment when men are believed on their yea and nay.

The sergeant-at-law once more enforced and supported the statement:

— *Judicium pro frodmortell, quod homines credendi sint per suum ya et suum na*. Charter of King Athelstan, volume first, page one hundred and seventy-three.

They waited a moment; then the sheriff bent his stern face toward the sufferer:

— Prisoner on the ground there. . .

And he paused.

— Prisoner, cried he, do you hear me?

The man did not stir.

— In the name of the law, said the sheriff, open your eyes.

The man's eyelids remained shut.

The sheriff turned to the physician standing on his left.

— Doctor, make your diagnosis.

— *Probe, da diagnosticum*, said the sergeant.

The doctor descended from the flag-stone with magisterial stiffness, approached the prisoner, stooped down, placed his ear close to the sufferer's mouth, felt his pulse at the wrist, the armpit, and the thigh, and stood up again.

— Well? said the sheriff.

— He still hears, said the doctor.

— Does he see? asked the sheriff.

The doctor replied:

— He can see.

At a sign of the sheriff, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake came forward. The wapentake placed himself near the prisoner's head; the justice of the quorum stopped behind Gwynplaine.

The physician retreated a step between the pillars. Then the sheriff, raising his bouquet of roses as a priest elevates his sprinkling-brush, addressed the sufferer in a loud and terrible voice:

— Speak, wretch! The law entreats you before exterminating you. You wish to seem dumb—think on the tomb which is dumb; you wish to seem deaf—think on the judgment which is deaf. Think on death, which is worse than yourself. Consider, you will be left in this cell. Listen, O fellow-being, for I am a man! Listen, O brother, for I am a Christian! Listen, O son, for I am old! Beware of me, for I have the control of your suffering, and I shall presently be terrible. The terror of the law makes the majesty of the judge. Think that I myself tremble at myself. My own power terrifies me. Drive me not to extremes. I feel myself full of the hallowed cruelty which punishes crime. Wherefore, O unfortunate man, have a healthy and honest fear of justice, and obey me. The hour of confrontation has come, and you must answer. Be not obstinate in your resistance. Take not the irrevocable step. Hear me, incipient corpse, and think that I have the right to finish you! Unless you choose to perish here through hours and days and weeks, in a long and fearful agony of hunger and filth, under the weight of those stones, alone in this dungeon, abandoned, forgotten, blotted out, given to the rats and the weasels for food, eaten by the vermin of darkness, while men come and go, buy and sell, and carriages roll over your head; unless it suits you to gasp without respite in this deep despair, gnashing your teeth, wailing, blaspheming, without a doctor to tend your sores, without a priest to administer the balm of divine compassion to your soul; unless you wish to feel the fearful foam of death slowly gathering on your lips, I entreat and adjure you, hear me! I call you to your own help; have pity on yourself, do what you are asked, yield to justice, obey, turn your head, open your eyes, and say if you recognize this man.

The sufferer neither turned his head nor opened his eyes.

The sheriff cast a glance at the justice of the quorum and the wapentake in turn.

The justice pulled off Gwynplaine's hat and cloak, took him by the shoulders and turned him, facing the light, toward the chained man. Gwynplaine's features, fully lit up, stood out in strange relief from the abundant shade.

At the same time the wapentake stooped, took the prisoner's head by the temples between his hands, turned his motionless head toward Gwynplaine, and with his thumbs and forefingers separated the closed lids. The wild eyes of the man appeared.

The sufferer saw Gwynplaine.

Then, lifting his head himself, and opening his eyes wide, he looked at him.

He shook as much as a man can shake with a mountain on his breast, and cried out:

— It is he! yes, it is he!

And, terrible to hear, he broke out into a laugh.

— It is he! he repeated.

Then he let his head fall back on the ground, and closed his eyes again.

— Clerk, said the sheriff, write that down.

Gwynplaine, though terrified, had nearly kept his countenance up to that moment. The cry of the prisoner, *It is he!* overwhelmed him. The words, *Clerk, write that down*, froze him. He seemed to make out that a criminal was dragging him into his own fate, though he, Gwynplaine, could not guess why, and that the unintelligible confession of this man was closing on him like the clasp of a fetter. He imagined this man and himself bound on the same pillory to two similar posts. Out of his depth in this terror he struggled wildly. With the thorough confusion of innocence, he commenced to stammer incoherent expressions; trembling, terrified, bewildered, he threw out at random the first cries which occurred to him, and all those words of anguish which are like the missiles of a madman.

— 'Tis not true. 'Tis not I. I don't know this man. He can't know me, because I don't know him. I have my representation of to-night waiting for me. What is wanted of me? I demand my liberty. That is not all. Why have I been brought into this cellar? There is no more law then! Say at once that there is no more law. Judge, I repeat that it is not I. I am innocent of all that can be said about me. I know it well, I do. I want to go. This is not right. There is nothing between that man and me. You can inquire. My life is not a hidden matter. They came to seize me like a thief. Why did they come so? That man there, do I know who he is? I am a travelling clown who makes fun at fairs and markets. I am The Man Who Laughs. Plenty of people have come to see me. We are in Tarrinzeau-Field. I have been practising my business honestly these fifteen years. I am twenty-five years old. I live at the Tadcaster Inn. My name is Gwynplaine. Judge, do me the favor to make them dismiss me. It is not right to take advantage of the weakness of poor wretches. Have pity on a man who has done nothing, and who is without protection and without defence. You have before you a poor mountebank.

— I have before me, said the sheriff, Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, peer of England.

Rising, and offering his chair to Gwynplaine, the sheriff added:

— My lord, will your lordship deign to be seated?

BOOK V.—THE SEA AND FATE ARE STIRRED BY THE SAME BLAST.

I.

SOLIDITY OF FRAGILE THINGS.

DESTINY sometimes holds out to us a glass of madness to drink. A hand emerges from the cloud, and offers us the somber cup, wherein is drunkenness unknown.

Gwynplaine did not comprehend it.

He looked behind to see who was addressed.

Too sharp a sound is none the more distinguishable by the ear; emotion, too sharp, is none the more distinguishable by the intelligence. There is a limit for understanding, as for hearing.

The wapentake and the justice of the quorum approached

Gwynplaine, and took each an arm. He felt that they had seated him in the arm-chair, whence the sheriff had risen.

He let them do it, without explaining to himself how this could be.

When Gwynplaine was seated, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake fell back some steps, and held themselves upright and motionless in the rear of the arm-chair.

Then the sheriff placed his nosegay of roses on the flagstone, put on a pair of spectacles presented to him by the clerk, drew out, from under the bundles of papers heaped upon the table, a sheet of parchment, spotted, turned yellow, turned green, gnawed, and frayed in places, that seemed to have been folded up in extremely narrow folds, and one side of which was covered with writing. Then, standing up under the light of the lantern, and bringing the document up to his eyes, he read as follows:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

"This day, twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety of our Lord.

"Has been wickedly abandoned, on the desert coast of Portland, with the design of letting him perish, of hunger, of cold, and of solitude, a child aged ten years.

"This child was sold at the age of two years, by order of his most gracious Majesty King James the Second.

"This child is Lord Fermain Clancharlie, only legitimate son of Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Italy, peer of the kingdom of England, defunct, and of Ann Bradshaw, his wife, defunct.

"This child is heir of the possessions and titles of his father. That is why he was sold, mutilated, disfigured, and put out of the way, by the will of his most gracious Majesty.

"This child has been brought up and trained to be a mountebank at markets and fairs.

"He was sold, at the age of two years, after the death of the lord his father; and ten pounds sterling were given to the king for the purchase of this child, as well as for divers concessions, tolerances, and immunities.

"Lord Fermain Clancharlie, aged two years, was bought by me the undersigned who write these lines, and was mutilated and disfigured by a Fleming of Flanders named Hardquanonne, who alone is in possession of the secrets and processes of Doctor Conquest.

"The child was intended by us to be a laughing mask.
Masca ridens.

"With this design, Buccaquanonne practised on him the operation, *Bucca fissa vague ad aures*, which stamps an eternal laugh upon the face.

"The child, by means known to Hardquanonne only, having been put to sleep and rendered insensible during the work, does not know that he underwent this operation.

"He does not know that he is Lord Clancharlie.

"He answers to the name of Gwynplaine.

"This comes of his tender age and imperfect memory when he was sold and bought, being scarcely two years old.

"Hardquanonne is the only person who knows how to perform the operation *Bucca fissa*; and this child is the only living person on whom it has been performed.

"This operation is unique and singular in this respect, that, even after many years, the child—were he an old man in place of being a child, and had his black hair become white hair—would be immediately recognized by Hardquanonne.

"At the hour when we write this, Hardquanonne, who knows pertinently all these facts and took part in them as the principal actor, is held in the prisons of his highness the Prince of Orange, vulgarly called King William III. Hardquanonne has been apprehended and seized, as being one of the so-called Comprachicos or Cheylas. He is shut up in the strong keep at Chatham.

"It was in Switzerland, near the Lake of Geneva, between

Lausanne and Vevey, in the very house where his father and mother had died, that the child, in conformity with the king's commands, was sold and delivered to us by the last servant of the deceased Lord Linnaeus, which servant died soon after his masters; so that this delicate and secret affair is at these presents known to no person here below, except to Hardquanonne, who is in a dungeon at Chatham, and to us who are about to die.

"We, the undersigned, have brought up, and kept for eight years, the little lord bought by us from the king, so as to make use of him in our business.

"On this day, flying from England, to avoid the hard fate of Hardquanonne, we have, through timidity and fear, on account of the prohibitions and penal fulminations enacted in Parliament, abandoned at nightfall, on the Portland coast, the said child Gwynplaine, who is Lord Fermain Clancharlie.

"Now, we have sworn secrecy to the king, but not to God.

"This night, at sea, assailed by a severe tempest, according to the will of Providence, in absolute despair and distress, kneeling before Him who can save our lives, and may perhaps be willing to save our souls, having nothing more to expect from men and every thing to fear from God, having, for anchor and resource, repentance of our evil deeds, resigned to die, and content if justice on high be satisfied, humble and penitent and smiting our breasts, we make this declaration and confide it and throw it into the furious sea, so that the sea may use it for advantage in obedience to God. And may the Most Holy Virgin be our help! So be it! And we have signed."

The sheriff, interrupting, said:

—Here are the signatures, all in different handwriting.

And he went on to read:

—"Doctor Gernardus Geestemunde.—Asuncion.—A cross, and by the side of it: Barbara Fermoy, of Tyrmy Island, in the Hebrides.—Gaizdorra, chief.—Giangirate.—Jacques Quatourze, called the Narbonnese.—Luc. Pierre Capgaroupe, from the galleys at Mahon."

The sheriff, pausing again, said:

—Note, written in the same hand as the text, and as the first signed name.

And he read:

—"Of the three men of the crew, the master having been washed away by a wave, only two remain. And they have signed.—Galdezurs.—Ave-Maria, thief."

The sheriff, commingling the text and the interruptions, continued:

—At foot of the sheet is written:

—"At sea, on board the *Matutina*, Biscayan ork, of the Gulf of Pasages."

—This sheet, added the sheriff, is a chancery-office parchment, bearing the water-mark of King James the Second. On the margin of the declaration, and in the same handwriting, there is this note:

—"The present declaration is written by us on the back of the leaf of the royal order that was handed to us, as our license for buying the child. Let the leaf be turned over and the order will be seen."

The sheriff turned over the parchment, and raised it up in his right hand, exposing it to the light. A white page was visible—if the term "white page" can be applied to such a mass of mouldiness—and in the middle of the page three written words: two Latin words, *jussu regis*, and one signature: *Jeffreys*.

—*Jussu regis*. *Jeffreys*, said the sheriff, changing his voice from grave to loud.

A man on whose head a tile from the palace of dreams has fallen—such was Gwynplaine.

He began to speak as one speaks in a state of unconsciousness.

—Gernardus; yes, the doctor. An old man, and sad. I was afraid of him. Gaizdorra, *captal*, that's to say the chief. There were women, Asuncion, and another one. And then the

Provençal. That was Capgaroupe. He drank from a flat bottle; and there was a name written on it in red.

— Here it is, said the sheriff.

And he placed an object upon the table, that the clerk had drawn out from an official bag.

It was a gourd, with handles, and covered with wicker. The bottle had evidently passed through adventures. It must have made a sojourn in the water. Shell-fish and sea-weed were sticking to it. It was incrustated and embossed with all the mildews of the ocean. The neck had a circlet of pitch, indicating that it had been hermetically sealed. It was unsealed and open. At the same time, a sort of stopper, of a rope's-end pitched, which had been the cork, was replaced in the mouth.

— It was in this bottle, said the sheriff, that the declaration that has just been read was enclosed by those persons who were about to die. The message addressed to justice has been faithfully remitted to it by the sea.

The sheriff added something to the majesty of his intonation, and continued:

— Just as Harrow Hill excels in corn, and supplies the fine wheat flour from which the bread is baked for the royal table, so does the sea render to England all the services that it possibly can; and when a lord is lost, it finds him and brings him back.

Then he resumed:

— There is, in fact, a name inscribed in red upon this gourd. And raising his voice, he turned toward the motionless sufferer:

— Your name, yours, malefactor, here present. For such are the mysterious ways by which the truth reaches the surface, after being engulfed in the whirlpool of human actions.

The sheriff took the gourd, and turned toward the light one of the sides of the waif that had been rubbed clean, probably for the ends of justice. There was seen, winding through the wicker-work interlacings, a narrow strip of red cane, become black in spots by the action of water and of time. The cane, notwithstanding some fractures, traced distinctly in the wicker-work these twelve letters: *Hardquanonne*.

— Hardquanonne! When by us, sheriff, this gourd whereon is your name, was, for the first time, shown, exhibited, and presented to you, you recognized it at once and in good grace as having belonged to you. Then, having heard read to you, in its tenor, the parchment that was folded up and enclosed therein, you were not willing to say further, and refused to reply, in the hope without doubt that the lost child would not be found, and that you yourself would escape punishment. In consequence of that refusal you were subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, and a second reading was made to you of the aforesaid parchment, whereto were consigned the declaration and confession of your accomplices. Without avail. This day, which is the fourth day, and the day legally appointed for confrontation, having been brought into the presence of him who was abandoned at Portland, on the twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety, the diabolical hope has faded away in you, and you have broken silence and recognized your victim.

The sufferer opened his eyes, raised up his head, and essayed to speak in a voice wherein was the strange sonorosity of agony, with an inexpressible calmness qualifying the throat-rattle, and pronouncing, tragically, under that mass of stones, the words, for each one of which he had to lift up the sort of sepulchral lid that covered him.

— I swore secrecy; and I have kept it to the utmost of my power. The men of gloom are the faithful men; and there is honor in hell. To-day, silence has become useless. So be it. That is why I speak. Yes, then; it is he. We did it jointly, we two, the king and I; the king for his good pleasure—I for my art.

And, looking at Gwynplaine, he added:

— Now, laugh forever!

And he himself broke out into a laugh.

This second laugh, more savage still than the former one, might have been taken for a sob.

The laugh ceased, and the man laid himself down again. His eyelids were reclosed.

The sheriff, who had given up the word to the tortured man, went on:

— On all which action is taken.

He gave the clerk time to write; then he said:

— Hardquanonne, by the terms of the law, after confrontation carried out, after the third reading of the declaration of your accomplices, furthermore confirmed by your own recognition and confession, after your repeated avowal, you are to be relieved from these shackles and handed over to her Majesty's good pleasure, in order that you may be hung as a plagiarist.

— Plagiarist, chimed in the sergeant-at-law; that is to say, buyer and seller of children. Visigoth law, book seven, chapter three, paragraph *Usurpaverit*; and Salic law, chapter forty-one, paragraph two; and Frison law, chapter twenty-one, *De Plagio*. And Alexander Nequam says:

*Qui pueros vendit, plagiarius est tibi nomen.**

The sheriff put the parchment on the table, took off his spectacles, resumed his nosegay, and said:

— End of the *peine forte et dure*. Hardquanonne, thank her Majesty!

By a sign, the justice of the quorum set in movement the man clad in leather.

This fellow, who was a valet of the executioner—"groom of the gibbet," say the old titles—stepped to the sufferer, took off one by one the stones that were on his stomach, lifted off the iron plate, and thus brought to sight the ribs of the poor wretch thrown out of shape, and then unfastened from wrist and ankle the four iron shackles by which he was secured to the pillars.

The victim, relieved of the stones and released from the chains, remained flat upon the ground, his eyes closed, his arms and legs apart, like one crucified and unnailed.

— Hardquanonne, said the sheriff, stand up!

The sufferer did not budge.

The groom of the gibbet took one of his hands, and then let it go; the hand fell down again. The other hand, on being lifted up, fell down again in like manner. The executioner's valet then laid hold of one foot, then of the other; the heels flopped down upon the ground. The fingers remained inert, the toes motionless. The naked feet of a body lying thus have almost the effect of bristling up.

The doctor came up, drew from a pocket in his robe a small steel mirror, and held it before Hardquanonne's gaping mouth; then with his fingers he opened his eyelids. They did not close themselves again. The glassy eyeballs remained fixed.

The doctor resumed his standing posture, and said:

— He is dead.

And he added:

— He laughed; that killed him.

— That's of small consequence, said the sheriff. After the confession, living or dying is a mere formality.

Then, indicating Hardquanonne by a wave of his nosegay of roses, the sheriff flung this order to the wapentake:

— Carcass to be removed hence to-night.

The wapentake expressed obedience by a nodding of the head; and the sheriff added:

— The prison burial-ground is opposite.

The wapentake made a fresh sign of assent.

The clerk was writing.

The sheriff, having the nosegay in his left hand, took his white wand in the other, placed himself immediately in front of Gwynplaine still seated, made him a low bow, and then—another solemn attitude—threw his head back, and, looking Gwynplaine in the face, said to him:

* Thou who sellest children, thy name is plagiarist.

—To you who are here present, we, Philip Denzil Parsons, knight, sheriff of the county of Surrey, assisted by Aubrey Doominique, Esquire, our clerk and registrar, and by our ordinary officers, duly warranted by special and direct order of her Majesty, in virtue of our commission, and of the rights and duties of our charge, and by authority of the Lord-Chancellor of England—official report being made and action taken, in view of the documents communicated by the Admiralty, after the verification of attestations and signatures, after declarations read and heard, after confrontation had, all the legal statements and informations being completed, exhausted, and brought to good and just conclusion—do signify and declare to you, so that the right may come of it, that you are Fernain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, and peer of England! And may God have your lordship in good keeping!

And he bowed down.

The sergeant-at-law, the doctor, the justice of the quorum, the wapentake, the clerk, all the assistants, except the executioner, repeated this salutation more profoundly still, and inclined themselves to the earth before Gwynplaine.

—Ho, some one, cried Gwynplaine, wake me!

And he stood up, deadly pale.

—I have effectually wakened you, said a voice that had not yet been heard.

A man stepped out from behind one of the pillars. As no one had penetrated into the vault, since the sheet of iron had given passage on arrival of the police procession, it was clear that this man was thus lying hid, previous to Gwynplaine's entrance; that he had a regular part to play as observer; and that it was his mission and duty to hold to it. This man was thickset and portly, in a court wig and travelling-cloak, rather old than young, and very neat.

He saluted Gwynplaine with ease and respect, with the elegance of a gentleman in service, and without any magisterial awkwardness.

—Yes, said he, I have wakened you. You have been asleep for twenty-five years. You have had a dream, and you must emerge from it. You believe yourself Gwynplaine; you are Clancharlie. You believe yourself of the people; you are of the nobility. You believe yourself of the lowest rank; you are of the uppermost. You believe yourself an actor; you are a senator. You believe yourself poor; you are rich. You think yourself small; you are great. Wake up, my lord!

Gwynplaine, in a voice very low and that bespoke a certain terror, murmured:

—What does all this mean?

—It means, my lord, replied the fat man, that I am named Barkilphedro; that I am an officer of the Admiralty; that this waif, Hardquanonne's gourd, was found on the sea-shore; that it was brought to me to be unsealed by me, as is the business and prerogative of my office; that I opened it, in presence of two sworn jurymen of the office Jetsam, both of whom are members of Parliament, William Blathwaith for the city of Bath, and Thomas Jervoise for Southampton; that the two jurymen described and certified the contents of the gourd, and signed the official report of the opening, conjointly with myself; that I laid my report before her Majesty; that by the queen's order all necessary legal formalities have been fulfilled, with the discretion that so delicate a matter requires, and that the last, the confrontation, has just taken place. This means that you have a million for income. This means that you are a lord of the United Kingdom of Great Britain; legislator and judge, judge supreme and sovereign legislator; clothed in purple and ermine; the equal of princes and the like of emperors; that you have upon your head the peer's coronet; and that you are about to espouse a duchess, daughter of a king.

Beneath this transfiguration, coming down upon him like a thunderbolt, Gwynplaine fainted away.

WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO.

By Dr. I. I. HAYES.

STAGE THE SECOND.—THE ICE-STREAM.

I had once occasion to stop at Upernavik, the most northern of the Danish-Esquimaux settlements, or colonies, on the Greenland coast; and, having heard much of a famous ice-stream in that neighborhood, I availed myself of the opportunity to pay it a visit. It lies at the head of a fiord which is fifty miles long, measured from the outer coast line, and is from ten to fifteen miles wide; in one place it is twenty. It is dotted here and there with little rocky islands, and is lined on either side by dark reddish-brown cliffs of great height and of forbidding aspect. The color of the rocks gives the native name to the fiord. *Auk-pad-lar-tok*, they call it—signifying "The Place of the Red Rocks." The glacier at the end of it takes its name from the fiord.

This fiord is in its general appearance like all the other deep inlets which give such peculiar character to the outline of Greenland. They are, as it were, deep cuts in the land. The coasts are tortuous; they are very barren; the water is very deep; the fiord is encumbered with ice; it is inhabited by bears and seals; and, in the summer-time, the islands swarm with different varieties of water-fowl—chiefly gulls, ducks, geese, and auks, which have come there from the south, to breed in the perpetual sunshine of the summer.

The fiord of *Auk-pad-lar-tok* lies immediately north of Upernavik, in latitude 73°. In fact, Upernavik stands upon an island at the southern horn of the fiord, in latitude 72° 40'; and it is not only the most northern of the Danish colonies in Greenland, but it is the most northern Christian settlement on the globe. One would think it the most northern border of human occupation; but it is only the dilute margin of civilized existence; for I have discovered savages much farther north—traces of them within five hundred miles of the pole, and actual residents within seven hundred. These were the Esquimaux—the true hyperboreans—a fish and blubber-eating, furred, broad-visaged, black-haired, leather-complexioned race of nomadic hunters, who have wandered thither, no doubt, from Asia, crossing Behring Strait, into Alaska, in canoes. Moving thence eastward along the north coasts of America (they are an exclusively coast people, and are nowhere tillers of the soil), they have finally reached Greenland in the same manner as they had before reached America.

Upernavik is a kind of polar Long Branch (its name signifying "Summer place," from *Upernak*, "summer," and *navik*, "place"), being, during the summer-time, a great resort for the natives, who flock thither for no discoverable purpose except to make themselves and others as uncomfortable as possible. It is very barren and desolate, and is much exposed to the sea. Besides, it has that inevitable odor belonging to all fishing-towns—once perceived, never to be forgotten. It wells up from the rocks, from the huts, the boats, the store-house;—everywhere the smell of decomposing fish and blubber; and it is so peculiarly penetrating and demonstrative in its character, that one is seized immediately with a desire to get away, and permanently with a desire never to go back again.

Having brought my vessel to an anchor in the little harbor, in such a position as best compromised between the disagreeable odors on the one hand and the dangerous breakers on the other, I made preparation at once to visit *Auk-pad-lar-tok* glacier; and I was soon off in a whale-boat with a full crew, camp equipage enough for any number of days' absence; scientific instruments for any amount of exploration; and guns and rifles enough for any quantity of shooting. These latter were indeed most important, as they were our chief reliance for supplies. The birds, as I have said, were very numerous. That they were very fishy (living wholly on shrimps), we had long since ceased to remember.

We were two days in reaching our destination, during which time the weather was fine, the temperature ranging at about 60°. The sun did not leave us at midnight; and altogether it was rather a holiday excursion than a "hard experience." The shooting could not be excelled, but the work for the sailors was, it must be owned, rather severe. The fiord was crowded everywhere with ice to such an extent that it appeared, on all sides of us, as if covered with a canopy; and among the masses we were compelled to pick a devious passage, which was often attended with excessive labor, and was not without danger. First, there were the fields of ice, large and small, some very thin and rotten, others thick and solid, which sometimes, by completely blocking up the way, compelled us to make, over the ice-fields, a sort of portage,—dragging our boat and cargo. Then again came the icebergs, great and little, of every size, from a hen-coop to a city, and of every height, from almost no height at all to the dome of the national capitol. Some were wall-sided, like a fort; some were rounded, like a huge pot turned upside down; some had spires, like a church; some had blue and green caverns in their sides, which led the imagination off into a great glacial mammoth cave: no two were alike, and there was nothing the fancy might conjure up that did not take shape in the endless blocks of glittering crystal—a dog here, a bear there, a bird in another place; then a Greek temple to the right, a mosque to the left; the gable-end of a country-house in front, an unfinished city hall behind, and ruins everywhere. Being for the most part transparent, the play of light upon them was very wonderful. Being angular, they dissolved the sun's rays; being glassy, they reflected the hues of the clouds. Filling the fiord within its walls, they scattered at its mouth, and dotted with sparks of light the deep-blue waters of Baffin's Bay.

To reach the end of the fiord we required a guide; so, agreeably to the directions of the Governor of Upernavik, we hauled in to a tall cliff, which is about thirty miles up the fiord. At the base of this cliff we find a narrow ledge of rock, and on this we discover a rude hut overgrown with turf. Here lives the guide—at his feet the sea, above him as gloomy a wall as eye ever lighted on, where the croaking ravens have gathered for an evening concert. Great numbers of wolfish-looking dogs bay a deep-mouthed defiance rather than a welcome; that is, they howl it as we approach; while the inevitable odor of fish gives us a Greenland greeting.

It is a dreary and solitary place for human residence; but, for all, our guide is a cheerful-looking man, as he meets us at the beach. He is a flaxen-haired man, and is dressed partly in the skins of wild beasts, and partly in clothes of European fabrication. He is a Dane, and, strange to say, of his own free will and accord came to this wild and solitary place some five-and-twenty years gone by, and has lived there happy as a clam at high water ever since. At least his cheery weather-beaten face makes you think so. His name is Philip.

Philip's history has not been a peculiarly eventful one—hunting and fishing, year in and year out; trading what he did not need for home consumption to the Governor of Upernavik, and receiving in return all sorts of domestic luxuries, such as coffee, tea, sugar and tobacco, which his family seem to know well how to dispose of. For Philip has a family.

On his way into the fiord, "in the days of his youth," he stopped at Upernavik long enough to fall in love; no very uncommon thing to happen to a young bachelor, of high or low degree, at any time or in any place; but Philip's Dulcinea was a full-blown Esquimaux, with high cheek-bones, and jet-black hair, and jet-black eyes, and a very dark complexion. "She isn't lazy," said Philip, growing sentimental, "and she has been a good wife to me, very good indeed." I did not inquire whether she had been converted from the religion of her people, but suppose so, from the fact that she had taken the first great step toward godliness, according to St. Paul—in being clean. The inside of her hut was polished like

the deck of a man-of-war, and, although there was but one room, yet this was partitioned off into a number of stalls, which were filled half-way up to the roof with what looked like bags of air; in one of which, under the firm impression that I was floating in space, and rolling in a cloud, I slept (between two bags of eider-down, as it proved) the sleep of a weary man, after having eaten the meal of a hungry one; the meal being mainly composed of a fine salmon freshly caught in some neighboring lake, and venison from a neighboring valley.

Philip's wife has brought into the world a numerous progeny. Some are flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, like the father; others black-eyed and black-haired, like the mother; and they are of all sizes, from a babe at the breast to a full-grown hunter. But midway in the series is a phenomenon—a bright girl of fifteen summers, very fair, with eyes of the father and hair of the mother—a wild-flower, truly, in the wilderness. What a commentary, thought I, upon "the eternal fitness of things," as Square would have said! This pretty creature is to become the bride of a savage hunter lately converted and baptized Jens by the missionary at Upernavik. And so once more is a

"flower born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But, alas! Christina wears seal-skin breeches; and who could weave a romance of such materials?

Leaving the good wife and the fair Christina and the solitary hut, we once more threaded the fiord, over the dead waters and among the shifting ice that was grinding noisily with the tide.

We had a hard pull of it, and at length were brought to a stand five miles from the end of the fiord. We tried first one opening, then another, not without serious danger to our boat; and at length, convinced that we could proceed no farther, on account of the closely-impacted ice, we made our way to the land, drew the boat up on the beach, so far that it was perfectly safe from any waves which the crumbling icebergs might set in motion; and then, after a good rest, we mounted a neighboring hill for observation.

To reach the summit we find to be no easy task, the ascent being through a steep gorge, which is filled with sharp rocks that the frosts had hurled down from the cliffs above. But at last we come upon a tolerably level plain, across which we walk half a mile, and then we stand upon the edge of a precipice about a thousand feet high, facing the ice-encumbered fiord through which we have made our way.

Never did eye of man light upon a more marvellous spectacle. Below us the winding fiord, with its vast forest of icebergs glittering there in winding procession between the dark coasts and islands, made darker by the contrast. There, over the tops of the great icebergs, rose the opposite wall of the fiord to a great altitude, terminating in rounded bluffs that were partially covered with snow, and these blended with hills that rose still higher and higher in the distance, and these again into great cones of spotless whiteness, leading the imagination away, in the pearly distance, to the gates of some hitherto-undreamed-of paradise.

But down at my right was the object which I most rejoiced in—the phenomenon which I had come to see—the great glacier of Auk-pad-lar-tok, an immense wall of white and blue and green, crossing the waters from shore to shore, a distance of about ten miles. Behind this wall, like the snow-covered roof of a house, sloped up the white surface of the ice-stream, resting in the valley between the great bluffs and cliffs, which border it with a dark and dwindling line, until, in the far distance, this inclined plain has carried the eye up to the altitude of the most distant and lofty mountains, where it is lost in a great level line of bluish whiteness, stretching away to the north and south. This is the surface of the great ice-sea—the *mer de glace*.

As my eye lingered upon this far-distant line of the ice-sea, this boundless waste of accumulated snows, my imagination

wandered back to the time when the great ice-stream first emerged from it, when the valley in which it now rests was clothed with verdure, when sparrows chirped among the branches of its stunted trees, when herds of reindeer browsed upon its abundant pastures, and drank from a stream of limpid water which poured from the front of the *mer de glace*—at a time when the climate was warmer than it is to-day. Then I fancied myself standing where I am standing now (ages and ages ago), and saw the ice-stream first come in sight far up the winding valley, its front hundreds of feet high, and miles across; and I fancied myself watching the icy flood twisting and turning, widening and narrowing, sometimes moving with comparative rapidity, sometimes very slow, but steadily, year by year, coming toward the sea. I see it swallowing up rock and pasture; I see the deer retire farther and farther down the valley with each returning year; I see the hills within the valley overwhelmed, the crystal stream pouring over and around them as if the ice were soft putty; I hear the cracking of the ice, as the strain here and there becomes too great; and I hear the echoing sound of the avalanche of ice and snow crumbling from its front, and crashing far down into the plain beneath. All this seems to be passing before me. I watch the stream until the front of it has reached the sea. But here it does not stop. The bed of the sea is but a continuation of the same inclined plain as the bed of the valley, and its onward course is continued. It presses back the water; it makes now a coastline of ice where there had been a beach; and a white wall stretches from one side of the fiord to the other. As it flows onward, it gets into deeper and deeper water, its foot still resting on the bottom of the fiord. Thus the icy wall sinks gradually down, as it moves along, and, in course of time, it has almost gone out of sight. Then it gets beyond its depth.

When ice floats freely in water, there is one-eighth of it above the surface, to seven-eighths below. If these proportions become disturbed, then the buoyancy of the water will lift the end of the ice-stream up until it reaches its natural equilibrium. But for a long time the continuity of the ice is not interrupted—so great is its depth (many hundreds of feet), so great is its width (ten miles). But finally it is forced to give way. A crack is opened. It widens. A fragment is detached. It is lifted upward. When free, it bounds to its natural floating level; and, while the loud voice of the disruption is echoing among the hills, and the great waves of its creating are rolling down the fiord, the monstrous fragment is coming to its natural rest, ready to float away with the current to the sea.

This fragment is the *iceberg*.

Have I made the *ice-stream* clear?—its great width and depth, its length, its steady flow, the boundless sources of its origin? It is the Arctic river. To Greenland it is what the Amazon is to South America. The one drains down to the sea the precipitations of the air which fall as rain upon the slopes of the Andes and the mountains of Brazil and the plains between; the other drains to the sea the precipitations of the air which fall as snows upon the Greenland hills and mountains. The parallel is complete.

The surface of the ice-stream is, however, far from smooth, or its flow noiseless. Its substance is not so plastic that it yields to pressure readily. The movement of its particles in the moulding process is very slow. The pressure hence sometimes becomes too great. Cracks are opened, perhaps down through all the hundreds of feet which compose its depth; and, beginning as a loud peal, it becomes in the end a crash. This particularly happens when the bed over which the stream is flowing is very rough, and the descent rapid. Here the surface of the stream, losing its generally smooth character, is crossed with great crevasses in every direction. On the Auk-pad-lartok Glacier this was nowhere so conspicuous as about the point of a sharp headland, which, projecting far out into the valley, caused the ice-stream to narrow itself, and to flow more rapidly. This same effect was observable a little higher up, where

it had wound around a hill which it had not quite covered, the dark rocky crest showing conspicuously above the white surface of the stream, as an island in a river.

CLASSICAL STUDY AS A MENTAL TRAINING.

MANY admit that classical study does not impart much useful knowledge, and they do not advocate it on any such ground. They maintain that the true value of these studies lies in their superiority as an intellectual exercise, as a *training*.

This idea of training upon a foreign language has grown up in modern times. The Greeks did not train upon Persian or Scythian; they knew no language but their own. The Romans read Greek, but not for training; they read with a design to imitate, and signally corrupted their own idiom. The Mediaevals studied Latin because they had to make use of it. With them Greek was an after-thought, and was resorted to for the information it contained. It is only in these enlightened times that youth is wasted over laborious acquisitions for the sake of the exercise. Why have we never extended the principle beyond classics? Why do we not train our soldiers on the bow and arrow and the tomahawk, our deer-stalkers on a revived breed of the boar, our masons on towers of Babel, our clergymen on Druidical dances, chants, and whoops?

What faculty or faculties may classics be said to train? Whether the argument be of ancient or of modern device, let us consider it seriously and in detail.

First, of the *memory*. I am not aware that any special efficacy is claimed for classics in the training of memory. Naturally some people have more retentive memories than others, and retentiveness in a particular department is the result of familiarity with that department and interest in it. A Latin student of many years' standing easily remembers the peculiarities of a new Latin word. The experienced man of commerce easily remembers the peculiarities of new goods or a new customer; a woman of fashion, the peculiarities of a new dress. Every professional man takes up with ease what would be an utter puzzle to the uninitiated in his subject, simply because nearly all the novelty has occurred to him before in other forms. It is a matter of grave doubt whether such a familiarity with one subject is a help to the acquisition of another, unless of a kindred character. Experience points the other way. The Latin scholar rarely succeeds in commerce, beginning at mature age; the man whose youth has been spent in business rarely succeeds as a student of Latin. The late learner, in whatever field, is at a disadvantage, not so much because he is intellectually incapable of mastering the subject, as because he is preoccupied by other interests.

Next, of the *reason*. Let us examine the different operations in classical study, and see how far they may be said to give a special training to the reason.

That there is no discipline in *Latin Grammar* unattainable through English Grammar we shall show further on. In both cases the pupil is exercised in classifications of particles and usages, and applications of general rules to particular cases. Once the materials are collected—and that is not a grammatical process—construing English, as an intellectual exercise, is not different from construing Latin.

Is there a special discipline of the reason in *translation from Latin into English*?

In translation there are three distinguishable stages:

The first is to look out the different English equivalents for the Latin words. There is no discipline of the reason in that. The third stage (passing over the second for the moment) is the arrangement of the selected equivalents, more or less in

accordance with English usage. But that is obviously an exercise in correcting bad English.

It remains, then, to consider the intermediate stage. There being no peculiar exercise in the other two stages, the peculiar exercise of translation must be found here, if such peculiar exercise there be. The exercise alleged is an exercise of judgment. When the pupil has run over various equivalents of a Latin word, he is called upon to select the one appropriate to the context. Now, in the first place, there is in the actual practice of this operation very little exercise of judgment. Beginners are never asked to make the effort. They are supplied with vocabularies, exhibiting only one or two meanings. The exercise of judgment is thus reduced to a minimum for the early lessons, and, by the time the pupil is advanced to the dictionary, he has learned, by rote, such a number of usages in particular situations, that he merely recollects them to suit, and exercises very little more judgment than at the beginning. In the second place, the exercise, of whatever extent or value, is not peculiar: it may be obtained in English. Precisely the same faculty is called into play for the choice of words to suit the exigencies of metre, rhyme, or melody.

Finally, to call this process of selection a training in probable reasoning, as has been lately done, is an error arising from a misconception of what probable reasoning is. In choosing his word, the boy does not calculate the probabilities for and against the chances of a translation being right or wrong. Fancy the astonishment of a schoolmaster if his pupil should say—"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres. The chances are three hundred and sixty-seven to one that it means, All Gaul is divided into three parts, and not, All Gaul eats things divided into three parts, for *est* means is three hundred and sixty-seven times for once that it means *eats*."

There is, then, no special training of the reason in translation from Latin into English. This will be generally conceded. Our favorite gymnastic for the reason is not translation from Latin into English, but translation from English into Latin—Latin composition.

Is there a special exercise of the reason in Latin composition?—Let us analyze composition as we have analyzed translation, with an eye to the alleged exercise of reason.

That there is little exercise of reason in looking out and selecting appropriate Latin words will be at once acknowledged. Everybody knows that the suitable words are chosen mainly, if not solely, on authority. Such exercise as there may be, cannot be equal to English composition, where there is greater latitude of choice.

Although little judgment is exercised in choosing the words, there is, undeniably, some discrimination required in combining them according to their several usages.

First, what is the amount of discrimination?—Whoever chooses to reflect on the process will see that it involves more memory than judgment. For example, in construing "utor" with the ablative, the pupil remembers that "utor" takes the ablative, and what the ablative form is. There the exercise of judgment is at a *minimum*. Construing "in," signifying "motion," with the accusative, the pupil has to remember the accusative form: he has to distinguish between "motion" and "rest." There the exercise of judgment is at a *maximum*. The first example is a type of the usual exercise.

Secondly, granting a much greater exercise of judgment than is apparent, I would ask whether it is peculiar to Latin composition?—On the contrary, it is an exercise performed daily and hourly by us all, in every case where we do not act without thinking—in deciding whether we shall buy a new hat, whether we shall cross the street, what we shall have for dinner, or where we will go to-morrow. There are abundant exercises of judgment in the study of English composition, as I shall endeavor to show in considering the educational resources of our own language.

Finally, and the remark applies to all alleged *general* train-

ing of the reason, delicacy of discrimination in one material is very little help toward delicacy of discrimination in another material, of a different kind. This is a matter of every-day observation. A good judge of cloth is not a better judge of a speech or a poem than a bad judge of cloth, and conversely. Instances might be multiplied without end. In fact, so far from being trained in general judgment, a good judge of one thing is presumably a bad judge of any other thing—a good judge of Latin composition presumably a bad judge of English composition. This is acknowledged by Mr. Sidgwick, an able advocate of classical training. He says: "When people talk of 'training the memory, judgment, etc.,' they often ignore the difference between a general and a special development of these faculties. *There is a great danger lest, if trained to a pitch in one material only, they will not work well in any other material.*"

The plain argument that memory and judgment are exercised in Latin composition is not enough for one class of eulogists. Perhaps they see that memory and judgment are exercised in a great many things quite as much as in Latin composition. They defend composition as a training in the management of principles.

It so happens that the amount of this training in principles can be measured by arithmetic. There is a book entitled "Principles of Latinity and *Melviniana*," a hand-book of Latin composition, compiled by an Aberdeen professor, who, with the metaphysical acuteness of his province, may be supposed to have evolved all the principles applied to the art of composing in Latin. If, therefore, we count the number of principles in this book, we shall know to a tolerable certainty how much training in principles is given by Latin composition.

How many principles occur in this book of principles?—Twenty-two pages, about one-third of the "Principles," are devoted to the structural usages of verbs. Now, if verbs and phrases conforming to one construction fell under general principles, the elaborate lists would be unnecessary. But there they are, verbs "admitting the *bare* infinitive" in one list, verbs taking "ut" in another, verbs taking "quin" in another. Whence we infer, either that Latin verbs are of an arbitrary turn with their "followings," or that the learned author of the "Principles" thought principles too hard for youthful composers, and so gave them particular usages. Again, ten pages are devoted to the different Latin equivalents of our participial clauses; a considerable space to the different ways of expressing in Latin "Whether—or;" and about one-half of the whole book to "Miscellaneous Observations," "Cautions in Declension," "Cautions in Conjugation," "*Melviniana*," and "Synonymes treated *more Melviniano*"—comical pabulum for a young Briton. All these are regulations touching particular usage; by them the pupil is no more elevated to general principles than is the coach-driver by the notice, "Caution. When you hear a horn blow, etc."

This book of principles, then, contains how many? Just two. I think I have detected two. The "Laws of the Sequence of Tenses," and the "Laws of the Indirect," do prescribe community of usage under difference of matter. And these two are so spread out and clothed in examples, that, as principles, they are almost wholly superseded by the exhibition of details.

The classical pupil, then, gets no special training in memory or in judgment. Does he get any mental training worthy the name?

We have still to consider the strongest argument of the disciplinarian—insisted upon by many that readily allow other arguments to be fallacious. It is asserted that the peculiarly trying character of classical study has a unique efficacy in stimulating the intellectual powers, in teaching habits of studious application, habits of concentrating the attention upon mental work.

The confinement of the attention to the work in hand is

of vast importance. If this habit can be gained in no other way than by the study of Latin and Greek, it would be a serious offence to propose a discontinuance of these studies.

What are the conditions of attention? They are simple enough: *interesting work, and plenty, but not too much, of it.* Work may be interesting in two ways: it may be intrinsically attractive, or it may be made attractive by the good old plan of penalties and rewards.

In confirmation of what I have given as the conditions of attention, I may quote from Arthur Helps: "Give children little to do; make much of its being accurately done. This will give accuracy. Insist upon speed in learning, with careful reference to the original powers of the pupil. This speed gives the habit of concentrating attention, one of the most valuable of mental habits."

Nobody will maintain that in classical study alone are these conditions realized. Nothing could well be more uninteresting. It needs to be largely stimulated by flogging and prize-giving. There could be no difficulty in finding a substitute for classical study in that respect. Its only good point as an educational instrument is its quantity. Can any other subject or subjects be conceived ample enough to occupy the school-boy brain, and suited for the school-boy capacity?

But why, it may be asked, seek a substitute for classics? Show cause for change.

Some months ago, a professor drew a distinction between *training* and *cramping*. To train a boy is to "fit him for making a proper use of his faculties, and prepare him for getting up and using those particular branches which are fitted specially for the profession he has to follow." To cram a boy is to "stuff his mind full of an enormous mass of facts which, when his education is finished, he does not know what in the world to do with."

Granting, then, that classics train the attention, what if they cram? That is sufficient cause for change, if there be any other subject that trains equally well without cramming.

A knowledge of classics is cram. It must be owned that, gauged by the above definition of cramming, classical education is one of the purest cases of cramming that could be imagined. When school-boys were taught Latin in mediæval times, they found a use for it afterward: they read and wrote in Latin. Our boys, packed with some thousand words of a strange and obsolete tongue, find no use for their attainments: they read and write in English. They are not even educated to the pitch of reading a Latin or Greek author for amusement. They are educated to the moderate pitch praised by Lord Stanley at Glasgow: a suicidal moderation. Hear the confession of Dr. Smith, for fourteen years Classical Examiner in the University of London: "Judging from the examinations in the University of London, and the examinations which I have conducted elsewhere, I have rarely met with boys who can translate the easiest piece of Latin or Greek *ad aperturam libri*." And yet, in the schools and colleges preparatory for such examinations, classics "occupy a very considerable part of the education in point of time." The fact, therefore, is incontestable. Nearly all our classical pupils are crammed: "stuffed full of an enormous mass of facts, which, when their education is finished, they do not know what in the world to do with."

Is there any study that would train without cramming? Is there any subject ample enough for training, and, at the same time, generally useful—useful not to a few only, but to all English school-boys?

A knowledge of English would not be cram. All would be better of knowing how to record and communicate their thoughts clearly and effectively. "There are," says Locke, "so many advantages of speaking one's own language well, and being a master of it, that, let a man's calling be what it will, it cannot but be worth our taking some pains in it." And Cicero says, "*Not to be well acquainted with one's native language is a great disgrace.*"

The leaders of education in the times of the Reformation acted on a similar principle. In their day, all literature judged worthy of scholarly study was written in Latin; and they arranged school studies to correspond. I quote from Mr. Parker's Essay on the History of Classical Education, the advice given by Melancthon, and subsequently acted upon by himself and other schoolmasters:

"His (Melancthon's) report on churches and schools (1526) became the basis in Saxony of a reformed scholastic as well as ecclesiastical establishment, independent of Rome. The example was followed in other German states. The report recommends the following regulations for schools: 1. The children to be taught Latin only, not German, Greek, or Hebrew. Plurality of tongues does them more harm than good. 2. They are to be kept to a few books."

On entering school, the boys were set to learn lists of Latin words, or, as in Sturm's system, were taught the Latin names of every thing they saw about them. The end being the attainment of the Latin language for practical purposes, speaking Latin was strictly enforced in school, and even in its neighborhood. The master, as far as might be, spoke nothing but Latin.

If we obey the principle on which the Reformers acted, and refuse to be led away by externals, how should we organize our schools? Latin was their literary language: in their schools they made every thing subordinate to the teaching of Latin. English is our literary language: in our schools should not every thing be subordinated to the teaching of English?

The only doubt that can arise is, whether the study of English affords material enough to train upon. It is beyond dispute that English is a no less interesting study than Latin or Greek. And we all agree that a knowledge of English is valuable. But many are dubious whether English can become a school-boy discipline ample enough to take the place of Classics. Let us next consider what can be made of English as an instrument of education.

THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF POSITIVISM.

WHEN a philosophic system is put forth, which aspires to guide the thoughts of mankind, and through their thoughts to determine their actions; and when the scheme is so ambitious as not only to map out the course of all scientific inquiry, but completely to reorganize man's social and religious life—if such a system finds response in the general state of mind, and has any considerable number of adherents, it is of great importance that its claims and its value should be carefully weighed by those competent to the task, and their conclusions made known for the benefit of all interested. Such a system is the so-called Positive Philosophy of M. Comte. By putting forward large scientific claims, by its vehement repudiation of out-worn ideas, by allying itself with the spirit of progress, and by the happy adoption of a term to characterize it, which seems to distinguish it from all uncertain speculation, and fix it upon a basis of certainty, the "Positive Philosophy" of Auguste Comte has undoubtedly exerted a strong influence upon many minds. Thoughtful persons, therefore, cannot fail to look with interest upon all analyses and criticisms of this scheme of doctrines, which came from men whose eminent positions give force and authority to their utterances. In his lecture upon the "Physical Basis of Life," Professor Huxley spoke of Comte and his system in terms somewhat depreciatory. His strictures were replied to in the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Congreve, a thorough-going disciple of the French teacher—in fact, the established preacher to a London positivist congregation. Mr. Huxley replies, at length, in the June *Fortnightly*, and we subjoin a portion of his statement:

It is now some sixteen or seventeen years since I became acquainted with the philosophical works of Auguste Comte. I was led

to study these works, partly by the allusions to them in Mr. Mill's "Logic," partly by the recommendation of a distinguished theologian, and partly by the urgency of a valued friend, the late Professor Henfrey, who looked upon M. Comte's bulky volumes as a mine of wisdom, and lent them to me that I might dig and be rich.

After due perusal I found myself in a position to echo my friend's words, though I may have laid more stress on the "mine" than on the "wisdom." For I found the veins of ore few and far between, and the rock so apt to run to mud, that one incurred the risk of being intellectually smothered in the working. Still, as I was glad to acknowledge, I did come to a nugget here and there, though not, so far as my experience went, in the discussions on the philosophy of the physical sciences, but in the chapters on speculative and practical sociology. In these there was indeed much to arouse the liveliest interest in one whose boat had broken away from the old moorings, and who had been content "to lay out an anchor by the stern" until daylight should break and the fog clear. Nothing could be more interesting to a student of biology than to see the study of the biological sciences laid down as an essential part of the prolegomena of a new view of social phenomena. Nothing could be more satisfactory to a worshipper of the severe truthfulness of science than the attempt to dispense with all belief, save such as could have the light, and seek, rather than fear, criticism.

Great, however, was my perplexity, not to say disappointment, as I followed the progress of this "mighty son of earth" in his work of reconstruction. Undoubtedly, *Dieu* disappeared, but the *Nouveau Grand Être Suprême*, a gigantic fetish turned out bran-new by M. Comte's own hands, reigned in his stead; *roi* also was not heard of, but in his place I found a minutely-defined social organization, which, if it ever came into practice, would exert a despotic authority, such as no sultan has rivalled, and no Puritan presbytery, in its palmiest days, could hope to excel. While, as for the *culte systématique de l'humanité*, I, in my blindness, could not distinguish it from sheer popery, with M. Comte in the chair of St. Peter, and the names of most of the saints changed.

Rightly or wrongly, this was the impression which, all those years ago, the study of M. Comte's works left on my mind, combined with the conviction, which I shall always be thankful to him for awakening in me, that the organization of society upon a new and purely scientific basis is not only practicable, but is the only political object much worth fighting for. As I have said, that part of M. Comte's writings which deals with the philosophy of physical science appeared to me to possess singularly little value, and to show that he had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science. I do not mean by this merely to say that Comte seemed to me to be behind our present knowledge, or even that he was unacquainted with the details of the science of his own day. No one could justly make such defects cause of complaint in a philosophical writer of the past generation. What struck me was his want of apprehension of the great features of science, his strange mistakes as to the merits of his scientific contemporaries, and his ludicrously-erroneous notions about the part which some of the novel scientific doctrines current in his day were destined to play in the future. With these impressions in my mind, no one will be surprised if I acknowledge that, for these sixteen years, it has been a periodical source of irritation to me to find M. Comte put forward as a representative of scientific thought, and to observe that writers whose philosophy had its legitimate parent in Hume, or in themselves, were labelled "Comtists" or "Positivists" by public writers, even in spite of vehement protests to the contrary. It has cost Mr. Mill hard rubbings to get that label off; and I watch Mr. Spencer, as one regards a good man struggling with adversity, still engaged in eluding its adhesiveness, and ready to tear off skin and all rather than let it stick.

Mr. Congreve, in a peroration which seems especially intended to catch the attention of his readers, indignantly challenges me to admire M. Comte's life, "to deny that it has a marked character of grandeur about it," and uses some very strong language because I show no sign of veneration for his idol.

I confess I do not care to occupy myself with the denigration of a man who, on the whole, deserves to be spoken of with respect. Therefore, I shall enter into no statement of the reasons which lead me unhesitatingly to accept Mr. Congreve's challenge, and to refuse absolutely to recognize any thing which deserves the name of gran-

deur of character in M. Comte, unless it be his arrogance, which is undoubtedly sublime. All I have to observe is, that if Mr. Congreve is justified in saying that I speak with a tinge of contempt for his spiritual father, the reasoning for such coloring of my language is to be found in the fact, that when I wrote I had but just arisen from the perusal of a work with which he is doubtless well acquainted, M. Littré's "Life of Comte."

I have now to justify the opinion I have expressed concerning positivism, in the following paragraph from my former lecture:

"In so far as my study in what specially characterizes the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as any thing in ultramontane Catholicism."

Here are two propositions: the first, that the "Philosophie Positive" contains little or nothing of any scientific value; the second, that Comtism is, in spirit, anti-scientific. I shall endeavor to bring forward ample evidence in support of both.

No one who possesses even a superficial acquaintance with physical science can read Comte's "Leçons" without becoming aware that he was at once singularly devoid of real knowledge on these subjects, and singularly unlucky. What is to be thought of the contemporary of Young and of Fresnel, who never misses an opportunity of casting contempt upon the hypothesis of an ether, the fundamental basis not only of the undulatory theory of light and of so much else in modern physics, and whose contempt for the intellects of some of the strongest men of his generation was such that he put forward the mere existence of night as a refutation of the undulatory theory? What a wonderful gauge of his own value as a scientific critic does he afford, by whom we are informed that phrenology is a great science, and psychology a chimera; that Galt was one of the great men of his age, and that Cuvier was "brilliant but superficial!" How unlucky must one consider the bold speculator who, just before the dawn of modern histology—which is simply the application of the microscope to anatomy—reproves what he calls "the abuse of microscopic investigations," and "the exaggerated credit" attached to them; who, just as the morphological uniformity of the structure of the great majority of plants and animals was on the eve of being demonstrated, treated with ridicule those who attempt to refer all tissues to a "tissue generateur," formed by "le chimérique et inintelligible assemblage d'une sorte de monades organiques, qui seraient dès lors les vrais éléments primordiaux de tout corps vivant!" Who finally tells us that all the objections against a linear arrangement of the species of living beings are in their essence foolish, and that the order of the animal series is necessarily linear, when the exact contrary is one of the best established and the most important truths of zoology! Appeal to mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, chemists, biologists, about the "Philosophie Positive," and they all with one consent begin to make protestation that, whatever M. Comte's other merits, he has shed no light upon the philosophy of their particular studies.

TABLE-TALK.

WE have received from a correspondent in Paris a few interesting items in regard to the elections recently held in France. The contest seemed to have excited great interest, and the fact that the emperor abstained from naming and supporting official candidates, as had been his previous custom, rendered the elections much more genuine than former ones. "In the handbills and programmes," says our correspondent, "stuck up all over the city, some of the principles advocated were exceedingly curious if not instructive. One calls upon the workmen, the serfs of civilization, to return him as their representative, and he will do every thing that lies in his power to destroy the tyranny and influence of employers and bankers, whom he qualifies as the feudality of capital in conspiracy against the natural rights of man."

"Another says, 'Being a straightforward man, my candidature has a significance which is at least precise; it is an act of protest against the overthrow of the 2d of December; and, if you send me to the Chamber, I will go there for the sole purpose of waving before a satisfied majority everlasting remorse and a pitiless demand for justice.'

"Another (the brother of M. Baudin, who was shot at the *'coup d'état'*), in soliciting votes, and identifying himself with his brother, says: 'What he thought, I think; what he wished, I wish; what he did I am ready to do, willing at all times to act and live, and, if need be, die with the vile multitude.'

"Another, with the proper dose of self-conceit, begins with—'Electors, you trust in me, and in so doing you are right,' and then recounts his sufferings, and asks for his just reward.

"A member of a philanthropic family reminds the recipients of his father and grandfather's munificence that he is their descendant, entitled to their gratitude, bound by tradition to do them good, if they only treat him with consideration.

"A medical man says, with considerable modesty, that the only claim he lays before them, in asking for their suffrage, is, that he practised during twenty-six years in the various walks of his useful calling.

"A socialist also, of the good old dividing and equal-sharing school, informs us that he has an immense deal of work before him, and begs us to lift him into the seat of honor, to enable him at once to set about his mission, the least difficult part of which consists in extinguishing poverty, misery, pauperism, and crime, and dispensing generally with the superintendence of Providence."

It will be seen by these citations that the art of politics is not confined to America. The demagogue flourishes in all countries.

— It is remarkable, and sad to contemplate, how few of the eminent discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus went to his grave broken-hearted; Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovando was harshly superseded; Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl; Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Encisco was deposed by his own men; Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; Vasco Nunez was disgracefully beheaded; La Salle, "who delighted marvellously in adventures," was brought to a sad and untimely end by one of his lawless followers, who murdered him in a dreary Texas wilderness; Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterward died of hardship; Cortez was dishonored; Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush; Almagro was garroted; Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic Spanish adventurers; Marquette, who, on the morning of the 20th of June, 1673, "with a joy that cannot be expressed," discovered the Mississippi River, died alone on the banks of Lake Michigan, and was buried near the mouth of that river which has ever since borne the faithful missionary's name.

— Art-galleries are always sought for by our country visitors, but unfortunately, and to our disgrace, we are without a public collection of pictures that is at all commensurate with our metropolitan dignity. The annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design in a measure supply the place of a public gallery, while open, but, as this is only for a few months each season, the greater part of the year leaves us without a gallery. We should, indeed, be without the opportunity of seeing pictures at all, did not private enterprise in a degree supply the need. Mr. Knoedler, Mr. Snedecor, Mr. Schaus, and Mr. Avery, each, collect in the tastefully-fitted-up rooms connected with their warehouses, some of the very best of modern American and foreign pictures. Mr. Knoedler's new gallery (better known as Goupil's), at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, is an elegant apartment, where at present is a grand "Niagara" by Church, a superb winter scene by James Hart, a deer-study by Hays, a cabinet gem by Shattuck, and numerous foreign pictures, the most striking of which is one by Brion, illustrating an incident of the French Revolution—a group of peasants, laden with their household goods, escaping to the mountains before the advance of a hostile army. At Snedecor's gallery (on Broadway, near Tenth Street) we find a large landscape by Mr. Inness, called "Peace and Plenty," representing a wide valley, with busy farmers gathering in their wheat and hay harvests; a superb fruit-piece by Mr. George Hall; a marine piece by De Haas; and a multitude of minor paintings, with a few by noted French painters. At Mr. Schaus's there is a goodly display of German and other foreign paintings, several of which are of a very pleasing character. Mr. Avery's gallery consists of private rooms, at 88 Fifth Avenue, to which the connoisseur is always invited. Mr. Avery has just received the latest picture of Mr. George Boughton, entitled "The First Sabbath at Plymouth." According to Bancroft, ten persons were

sent ashore from the Mayflower, to explore the coast and select a suitable landing. These were absent three days, one of which was Sunday, and, although in urgent need of expedition, the scruples of these pioneers forbade them to pursue their search on the Sabbath. It was a bleak, cold December day; and the picture shows the pilgrims assembled at prayer on the beach, around a small fire they have kindled on the sand. It possesses Mr. Boughton's striking qualities of breadth, simplicity, careful drawing, and conscientious delineation of every detail. These small private galleries are one of our town features. Even while utterly unsatisfactory substitutes for public galleries, which should include well-known representatives of past and present art, these minor rooms afford us good opportunity for the study of some of the best pictures by living artists. American painters are always fairly represented in them, and they frequently have pictures by Meissonier, Frère, Bonheur, Gérôme, and many other celebrated continental artists.

— Of the seven theatres now open in New York, six are devoted to burlesque or pantomime. Only one house attempts to give a higher order of play, and this is Booth's, where Mr. Adams is repeating the oft-played "Lady of Lyons." Pantomimes may be of a low intellectual order, but their fun has long been legitimized. We know what Harlequin and Columbine and Pantaloon are; they have many funny tricks, surprising transformations, and amusing changes; they make us laugh at their absurdities, but they rarely shock us with the indecent, the irreverent, or the slangy. But the burlesque is a different thing. It sets out with respecting nothing—neither taste, propriety, virtue, nor manners. Its design is to be uproariously funny and glaringly indecent. It seeks to unite the coarsest fun with the most intoxicating forms of beauty. It presents women garbed, or semi-garbed, in the most luxurious and seductive dresses possible, and makes them play the fool to the topmost bent of the spectator. One is dazzled with light and color, with gay songs, with beautiful faces and graceful limbs, and startled at the coarse songs, the vile jargon, the low wit, and the abandoned manners of the characters. The mission of the burlesque is to throw ridicule on gods and men—to satirize everybody and every thing; to surround with laughter and contempt all that has been revered and respected. For instance, in a recent London burlesque, the heroine is Joan of Arc, who is acted by a low comedian, dressed as a girl of the period, wearing an extravagant chignon and flourishing a slim umbrella, while the play is filled with slang songs and negro dances. It is this sort of thing that has almost entirely taken possession of our stage. At Booth's and at Wallack's we usually have the regular drama; and there are signs that the public are wearying of these brazen shows, so that, by another winter, the better theatres are likely to get back to more honorable and dignified performances.

— Every day in New York imposes upon nearly all of us two dire necessities—one is, to get down-town in the morning, and the other back again at night. With many of us our dormitories are far too remote from our offices or shops to have the labor of walking the distance added to our other daily fatigues, and hence, night and morning, we are packed, perspiring, crushed, and miserable, in the cars and omnibuses provided for the purpose. But what seems strange enough is, that while the interiors of these vehicles are crowded to an almost intolerable excess, a large space without remains unutilized. Why, the suffering passenger inquires, cannot seats be placed on the roofs of these vehicles? London omnibuses have outside seats; why cannot American ones? These outside seats, in good weather, would be cool, airy, and altogether preferable to inside ones. We know of no reasonable objections against them, and hope the proprietors of these vehicles will take the matter into their merciful consideration.

— The death of an actor is not always of interest, excepting to those who have enjoyed the manifestations of his skill; but the recent demise of Mrs. Vernon, of Wallack's Theatre, possesses more than ordinary claims upon public attention. This lady, although only two months ago appearing on the Wallack stage, was nearly eighty years of age at the time of her death, and for forty-two years has contributed widely to the pleasure and happiness of the New-York public. For years we have enjoyed something more than the mere skill and genius of her performances, her presence always awakening many old associations and pleasant reminiscences. She has been a sort of cherished relic of the past; as a contemporary felicitously expresses it, she has been to us like a piece of rare old China or antique lace,

invaluable on account of the remembrances that cling around it. It was, moreover, remarkable to see a lady of such advanced age possessing to the last her flow of spirits, her genial humor, her fine perceptions of character, her ability to surrender and merge herself into the individuality she was assuming. But the feelings of kindness and respect that Mrs. Vernon always awakened in her audience were due, not merely to her talents, or to her venerable age, or to her unmistakable breeding as a lady, but supremely to her virtues as a woman. Mrs. Vernon gave the world proof that a lady might live a long life upon the stage, and not merely escape reproach, but remain acknowledged as an example of propriety, and an object of affectionate esteem. She was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. With the exception of decaying eyesight, her faculties had all remained unimpaired. She was very slight of build, exceedingly graceful and pleasing in manner, and age had touched her so lightly that she really seemed scarcely older this past winter than she did twenty years ago.

— A novel guest recently arrived at the Central Park of New York—a colossal female elephant named Andra, nearly twelve feet in height, and weighing eighteen thousand pounds. She is but thirty-eight years old, and has a prospect of growing taller until fifty, at which age elephants attain their full stature. Even now, however, Andra is the tallest of her species that has been seen in the United States, although elephants sometimes grow to a height of fourteen feet. This huge animal consumes twenty-five four-pound loaves of bread daily, together with three hundred pounds of oats and half that number of pounds of hay. She drinks twenty pails of water in the morning, and the same quantity each evening. As we were looking at Andra following her keeper in the meadow in front of the arsenal, and halting occasionally to eat a little grass, two sturdy-looking females, who were evidently new-comers from the Emerald Isle, and were gazing for the first time on an elephant, stopped near us, when one exclaimed to her companion, "D'ye see the craythur a nibblin' up the grass with his tail?"

Literary, Art, and Personal Notes.

THE English literary journals have been devoting large attention to the discussion of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," and, though they do not invariably coincide with the views of the author, or approve of his treatment of the subject, the fact, that the work is one of importance and great ability, is conceded by all. The *Saturday Review* considers Mr. Lecky's work as a complement to Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization," and states that his aim has been to "supply what is wanting or kept out of sight in Mr. Buckle's generalizations; to recall a great and broad side of historical truth at least as important as that on which he has dwelt, and one which is absolutely necessary as the counterbalance and correction of his powerful representations; to trace, in their early stages and early changes, the springs and beginnings of the great ideas of duty and right which make European civilization what it is, and which mark it with its peculiar and characteristic notes as much as its conquests in the realms of knowledge; and to compare the different steps and alternations of the long battle between what raises and what depresses and injures man's moral nature." The *Review* in some things differs radically from the philosophy of Mr. Lecky, but, looking upon his work as a history, says: "He has drawn a most impressive picture of the evolution of Christian morality, especially in its early stages, out of the civilization of the pagan empire, of the various changes of moral type and standard, of the successive degrees of prominence or decay shown in different classes of virtues, of the proportion between different virtues in the ideal character of the time, and of their influence on one another, to be remarked in the course of this great moral recasting of society." Mr. Lecky's views as to the effect of Christianity, and especially of asceticism, do not meet with approval, although it is admitted by the writer that he "does full justice to Christianity as a moral movement, though he is apparently unable to make up his mind what to think of its supernatural pretensions. What heathen morality attained to under the empire was, he says, a very high standard of the heroic virtues in a very select class; but, even in that class, there was an insensibility to the social and benevolent virtues, and still more to those of purity, though this hardness was much softened down in characters like M. Aurelius and Julian; while in the multitude there was a degradation without control and without hope, going deeper and deeper down, in every generation, in brutality, licentiousness, violence of feeling and deed. Wherever Christianity came from, it brought the remedy for this. With its strong leaven of charity, of purity, of fearless assertion of conviction, and with its immense sympathy for the despised and lost,

it gave the impulse which began the regeneration of the world. All this is vividly and forcibly exhibited." The *Spectator*, in a review of this work, devotes its attention chiefly to the manner in which the author treats the question of the influence for good or evil which the ascetic Christianity exerted over the ethical development of Europe, and comments upon his position as follows: "He is only just in his estimate of the stimulus which this prolonged and interminable struggle between flesh and spirit gave to the popular confidence in human free-will, and he may perhaps be equally just in the opposite direction when he condemns the heroism of the saintly ascetics as compared with the patriotic heroism of Greece and Rome, on the ground that the former proceeded from an intense and almost frantic religious selfishness—a profound terror of the penalties of the next world, and a fierce desire to escape them, while the latter was truly disinterested after its kind. He is, at all events, warranted by every sound system of *absolute* morality in speaking as severely, and even scornfully, as he does of the deliberate cruelty with which the Catholic saints scorned and trampled on the tenderest domestic ties, in the interest, as they asserted, of their religious faith."

We continue, from the last number, our correspondent's account of the Paris Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture: "M. Puvis de Chavannes, in his two representations of the city of Marseilles, destined to adorn the principal staircase of the Marseilles Museum, has shown his usual good taste and skill in the conception and execution of his subjects, unconfined by the mere technicalities of art, in his congenial theme of symbolical compositions. The one, Massilia, the ancient Greek colony; the other, Marseilles, the gate of the East—are the first paintings that attract attention, being placed at the head of the great staircase at the entrance to the principal gallery. Nothing can be more ingenious than the arrangement and disposition of these two paintings. In Massilia the first plan is drawn from a terrace, from which the rising city is perceived stretching along the sea-shore, brightened by the first rays of dawn, emblem of the poetry and freshness of infant states, purified from the vices of older communities, looking to the future instead of the past; in Marseilles, the foreground represents the deck of a ship, arriving from the East, carrying richly-clad Orientals of divers ages and sexes, who, under the swelling sails, regard the distant port full of animation, the busy mart of nations, with its forest of shipping, its towers and domes, that betoken prosperity and wealth, emblematic of the period when states arrive at maturity, unbroken by misfortune, and still sound at the core. The surroundings of these paintings are indeed remarkable; full of light and warmth, and the elegance of figure, the beauty of profile, and the style of design of the personages represented, leave nothing to be desired. The Prometheus chained to the rock, by M. Bin, is also a work of great merit—the best he has yet produced. Strength and Power, with an air of indifference, order Vulcan to nail Prometheus, the rebel Titan, to the sharpest rock in the Caucasian Mountains—'crucibus Caucasorum,' as Tertullian said of this mythological Christ, who, in his own way, wished to save humanity. A great effort has been made here by M. Bin to infuse into his composition some of the grander effects of the ancient masters, in which, to some extent, he has succeeded. The painting, by M. Brion, of a Protestant Marriage in Alsacia, which obtained the first prize, this year, offered to young artists (viz., a gold medal), is a sober and harmonious composition, characterized by correctness and precision, even in the smallest details, qualities which place it in the front rank among the works of *genre* in the Exhibition. The Protestant Marriage faithfully represents the simple ceremony as performed in Alsacia, the most Protestant district of France, the country that has best preserved its poetic traditions, costumes, dwellings, originality, and picturesque physiognomy. With one hand leaning on the Bible, the minister is in the act of bestowing on the newly-wedded couple the nuptial benediction; while the relatives and friends of both surround them, every face expressing kindly interest and satisfaction, among whom are conspicuous the father and mother of the bride, who, like Burns's cotters, are evidently "weel pleased tae see their bairn respectit like the lave." In the principal gallery is a highly-meritorious work of large dimensions, representing Apollo and the Muses in the Olympian, by M. Bugureau, intended for the ceiling of the concert-hall of Bordeaux Theatre. Apollo, radiant in his office of high-priest of poetry and song, strikes his golden lyre. At the right, Jupiter and Juno sit enthroned, with a lion couching at their feet. Venus, holding Cupid by the hand, with Vulcan in the distance, listens enraptured. Mars, like a Grecian warrior, sits with his back turned, looking only half pleased. On the left, the nine Muses sing in unison with Apollo, and the three Graces listen, entwined in each other's arms. Underneath, Bacchus reclines, surrounded by Bacchantes; while Mercury, with Phrygian bonnet, wings his way through the general harmony, supporting a goddess. The composition of this piece is remarkable for the lightness and ease displayed by the different figures, the groups being well distributed, the design correct, and the coloring clear and lively. In the same gallery M. Mouchablend's beautiful picture of "The Burial

of Moses" is the theme of general admiration, and is regarded by the best-authorized critics to be almost the perfection of art. Two angels, with faces of surpassing sweetness, bear the body of the ancient law-giver down through the cleft of a mountain; while a third, with a beautiful expression of hope, looks and points upward. Through the cleft a glimpse of the blue sky is seen, and a ray of light breaking in illuminates the dead features of the leader of Israel, and reveals a head that is in itself the highest expression of what is most noble, most august, and most venerable. This painting has already been secured by the minister of the emperor's household, and will probably be deposited in the museum of the Louvre.

"Our Acre and its Harvest" is the title of a handsome, illustrated volume of over five hundred pages, published in Cleveland, and which gives the history of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio—a branch of the Sanitary Commission.

The first part is from the pen of Miss Mary Clark Brayton, the secretary of the society, and is a general history of the organization from its inception in April, 1861, when it commenced its labors as an "aid to soldiers' families," until its dissolution at the close of the war.

This narrative is gracefully written, and describes what was accomplished by a voluntary association of ladies, bound by no pledge, remunerated only by the satisfaction of doing good, and restrained by no written constitution. Historical and business details are interwoven with incidents both pleasing and painful, with personal reminiscences, and with grateful acknowledgments for favors conferred. A practical view is here obtained of the working of the great Sanitary Commission, with its admirably-organized system of collection and distribution; drawing its resources from the school-house, the farm, the workshop, and the parlor, from lectures, fairs, and public amusements, and then by a system of depots centering these stores where they could at any moment be distributed to the sick and wounded, by its efficient agents.

The second part of the work, written by Miss Ellen Terry, treasurer of the society, is devoted to the subject of "Special Relief," which comprises all the aid rendered to soldiers individually, both through the Homes and Lodges and from the depots of supplies. It is a clear statement of the home operations of the society, the principal of which were, assisting the relatives of those in the army, in their inquiries as to the whereabouts and condition of their loved ones; in receiving, feeding, and caring for all who returned from the army; in establishing "homes and hospitals" for the sick and helpless; in securing employment for discharged soldiers; and in collecting gratuitously for soldiers, their widows and heirs, the pension, arrears of pay, and bounty due them. The immense extent of the special relief afforded may be inferred from the fact that sixty thousand five hundred and ninety-two persons were registered as having received aid through this Cleveland branch alone.

Philippe Burts, in his "Chefs-d'œuvre of the Industrial Arts," urges the use of *terra-cotta* in familiar and realistic art. His rule is, "Let our artists use bronze for heroic, marble for ideal statues, but take the clay and the modelling-tool more often in hand to reproduce the features of their contemporaries, or embody some pleasing fantasy." The groups by Mr. Rogers, so deservedly famous with us, exemplify the suitability of this material for subjects of homely or familiar interest.

There are now in Russia three hundred and sixty printing-offices, four hundred and thirteen bookstores, two hundred and eighty-six lithographic establishments, and two hundred and twenty-one circulating libraries. Of these there are, in St. Petersburg, respectively, seventy-seven, eighty-five, ninety-three, fourteen; in Moscow, fifty-seven, ninety, eighty-two, sixteen; in Riga, eight, twelve, thirteen, eight; in the whole government (province) of Twer, there are only six printing-offices, two bookstores, and three lithographic establishments.

In Rome, there died, a few weeks ago, Rosa Taddei, who forty years since enjoyed a European fame as a wonderfully clever improvisatrice. She was very beautiful, and her charms did not fade until she was nearly fifty years old. She died in her seventy-ninth year, in a state of great poverty.

During the recent political campaign in France, Victor Hugo wrote upward of one hundred letters in favor of the election of certain liberal candidates for the Corps Législatif. These letters, many of which are exceedingly characteristic and beautiful, are now to be published in book form.

Gutzkow, the eminent German poet, dramatist, and novelist, it will be remembered, suddenly went mad three years ago. Since he recovered from his alienation, he finds that his mental vigor is by far greater than before his reason became obscured. His working powers, despite his advanced age, are also greater than they ever were before in his life.

The German newspapers seem bent on proving that nearly all American celebrities are descended from German ancestors. Thus, the Mag-

deburg *Gazette* says that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather's name was Lingen, and that he lived at a village in the neighborhood of Magdeburg.

There are, in Paris, forty-two correspondents of German newspapers, nineteen of English journals, sixteen Americans, fourteen Belgians, twenty-one Spaniards, seven Italians, four Swiss, three Dutch, and two Russians.

Arsène Houssaye's recent biographical work, "The Life of Leonardo da Vinci," is as much praised by the French writers as his latest novels are censured.

Victorien Sardou received from French managers, up to the first of May, as *tantièmes* for his new play "Patris," fifty-one thousand francs. He wrote it in twenty-one days.

Scientific Notes.

M. BOURBOUZE, the eminent experimentalist, and M. Wiesnegg, one of the best makers of lighting-apparatus in Paris, after much labor and study, have succeeded in constructing a new apparatus which gives every promise of becoming the most practical one of the kind yet discovered. The gas for lighting, previously compressed, arrives in a tube in which it mingles with the air which is allowed to enter by a few holes left open on purpose. The tube bears in its axis, jutting out in the upper part, a magnesia pencil, which reduces the opening, at first cylindrical, to a simple crown of given surface. All around this pencil the tube is prolonged by an almost conical covering of platina cloth, between which and the magnesia the gas is inflamed. In a few moments, the metallic cloth becomes red, next white, and then completely dazzling. The magnesia itself becomes incandescent, and, by the color it then takes, transforms the color of the platina to pure white. The new arrangement has done away with the inconvenient buzzing noise of the first models, the burner in question making no more noise than the electric arch so frequently employed in the public schools for making projections. MM. Bourbouze and Wiesnegg have made a long series of experiments to ascertain the lighting power and net cost of their new apparatus. The supply of gas has been measured by means of the meter, and the luminous intensity by the aid of Foucault's light-measurer, the result of numerous trials being that the new burner consumes a little less than three Breguet burners, and lights a little more than six—a saving, therefore, of above fifty per cent. MM. Bourbouze and Wiesnegg's lamp will probably be applied to many uses, especially to projections in public schools and to scenic effects on the stage. For lighting towns, the necessity of compressing the gas will perhaps be an obstacle; but the inventors have strong reasons for supposing that this compression is not indispensable, and, if they succeed in doing without it, as is not at all unlikely, their light will evidently defy every kind of competition.

A vessel, named the *Boreal*, is being fitted out in Havre for a voyage to the north pole by the way of Behring's Straits. It is of seven hundred tons' burden, and will be provisioned with all the requisites for a four-years' stay in the Arctic regions. The expedition, under the direction of M. Gustave Lambert, will be composed of a crew of fifty men, six officers, three doctors, and two *savants*. The vessel, up to the water-mark, is protected by an outer covering of wood ten inches thick, and strengthened on the inside by strong transverse beams, to enable her to resist the shocks to which she will be exposed when penetrating the ice-fields. Every precaution will be used to insure the health and comfort of all on board during the perilous voyage, the cabins of officers and men being well packed with wool for the purpose of preserving and retaining heat in those high latitudes. M. Lambert builds all his hopes of success in the fact of there being an open polar sea, free from ice the greater part of the year, and easy of access by the route north of Behring's Straits, his theory being based upon the experience and observations of Captain Kane and Dr. Huges, Americans who wintered in sight of the open Polar Ocean, in the years 1853 and 1861, in latitudes 78° and 82°, corroborated by the testimony of the Esquimaux, who all along maintained that such was the case. Let us only hope he may succeed in planting the flag of his country on the spot that has attracted so many gallant hearts to an untimely end, and bring back in safety his good ship and crew to the haven from which he is about to set sail.

Mr. J. Hamilton, of Dordrecht, has patented a method whereby artificial fuel possessing very superior qualities may be manufactured. About 20 cwts. of the coal known as "duff," or other carbonaceous material in a pulverized state, and from 1 to 4 cwts. of the residuum known as stearine pitch, palm-oil pitch, or cotton-seed-oil pitch, or other animal or vegetable residuums, are mixed with from 1 to 3 cwts. of chloride of sodium in the form of rock or other salt. The mixture of these ingredients is effected in a pug mill, or other analogous appa-

raus, by first placing the carbonaceous material and the chloride of sodium therein, and then pouring the pitch or residuums before mentioned, or one of them, in a heated state over the same. In order to facilitate cohesion between the ingredients so combined, the waste substances resulting from the manufacture of farina, or the silicates of soda or potash, may be added thereto. The resulting compounds may be formed into bricks or balls for use, as may be desired. The above-mentioned proportions of the ingredients employed are approximate only, as they may be varied according to the bituminous or non-bituminous nature of the carbonaceous materials.—*Mining Journal*.

MM. Niepce de St. Victor and Lavater give the following method of producing several copies of manuscripts, whether fresh or of old date: Let the copying-paper be first lightly wetted with a sponge in the ordinary way, and after the copy is made submit it to the vapor of ammonia, which will bring out the writing with great distinctness. Another plan is to wet the paper with a solution of sugar, glucose, sugar of milk, honey, or other mucilaginous, gelatinous, or resinous matter. Paper thus wetted will copy writing in ordinary ink. This is in fact only using the saccharine matter in connection with the paper, instead of introducing it into the ink in the old fashion, but it has the great advantage of leaving the latter limpid, or, in other words, of doing away with the necessity for special copying-ink. The receipt is so simple that any one can test its value for himself.

M. Coignet, in his report to the Society of Civil Engineers, shows to what perfection the art of manufacturing artificial stone has reached in France.

In the composition of this stone the following indications are given: for walls, four or five parts of sand and one part of lime; a line of masonry one yard high can be raised daily. For the lighthouse of Port Said, with an elevation of fifty-five yards, to be finished within five months, the sand of the desert will be used; it will be run up without any danger at the rate of half a yard daily. For vaults, from a quarter to a half part of cement is added to the above composition, for the purpose of increasing security.

For pavement, able to resist hard scrubbing, the composition is four to five parts sand, one part lime, and one part cement. Quarry-sand and ordinary lime may be safely used; in the forest of Fontainebleau the stone is made with sand of almost impalpable fineness.

In constructing artificial stone the compression of the four sides of a block is by no means sufficient, for then the middle would not be solidified; the recent accidents that happened in America are more than sufficient to prove this assertion; the composition must be made in successive layers, each of which must be properly compressed. By acting on this principle, M. Coignet has obtained pavements, flag-stones, bricks, etc.; the last, made by an automatic machine, cost very little.

The maximum of hardness is obtained with a mixture of four to five parts sand, one part lime-powder, and one-half part cement.

Artificial stones can be hewn like pudding-stones, and present then a wrinkled appearance.

Only a section of five miles in length remains to be cut, before the waters of the Mediterranean mingle with those of the Red Sea; in excavating which, twelve thousand laborers and artisans are daily employed.

It appears certain, therefore, that the canal will be opened on the day fixed by M. de Lesseps, viz., on the 1st of October next. The new ports and towns on the route are rapidly increasing in importance, even before success is certain; one of the most interesting being the town of Ismaila, built on the shores of Lake Timsah, which at present covers an area of six miles, entirely filled with the waters of the Mediterranean.

Whether, however, it will really prove to be a maritime canal, and allow the passage of first-class steamers, and long ships requiring a great depth of water, remains to be seen—the general opinion among engineers, and seafaring men not interested in the undertaking, being, that only a certain class of short ships will ever be able to go through the canal.

The joining of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, likely soon to be an accomplished fact, is not to be regarded as an entirely modern scheme. Even the ancient kings of Egypt who built the Pyramids, thought of connecting the two seas by means of a canal, from the Red Sea to the Nile; but they were deterred (so say the historians), from carrying out the undertaking, by the fear that the Red Sea was, much higher than the Nile, and might, if a channel were opened, inundate Egypt. With the rude appliances of those remote times, it was of course impossible to verify this supposition. It is now known, however, that their conjecture was not altogether without foundation. From October to May, when south winds prevail, the water rises in the north part of the Red Sea, which then attains an elevation much higher than the Mediterranean; but from careful levellings it has been ascertained that the low-water levels of the Red Sea and Mediterranean are identical.

A discussion of the question of water analysis, with a view to the determination of the best method of discovering the presence of insubstantial elements, has lately somewhat excited the London scientific world. Dr. Frankland, the present analyst of the metropolitan waters, not satisfied with existing methods of testing water, has, in conjunction with Mr. Armstrong, invented one which the *Lancet* fully indorses, one of its principal points being that the presence of nitrogen in water is a proof of sewage contamination. Dr. Letheby objects *in toto* to the method of analysis and the deductions drawn therefrom, deducing strong arguments from the fact that nitrogen is found in deep chalk-wells, where the water must be pure; while the supporters of the opposite side use the same wells as an argument in support of their position, that chalk permits of the passage of sewage contamination.

Edwin Smith, M. A., being conversant with the fact that a voltaic combination might be made between two liquids and a metal, if one of the three acts chemically upon one, and only one, of the other two, concluded that the cause of two flavors, in eating, being mutually improving might be on account of the development of electric action. He, therefore, employed platinum as a conductor, and found his theory correct; vegetable substances, with a metal, acting in the same manner as liquids and a metal, and he thus proved that, in almost all popular combinations, such as sugar and coffee, raisins and almonds, salt and mustard, the one is an electro-negative, the other an electro-positive.

In a report on the Edinburgh Observatory, it is stated by Professor Piazzi Smyth, that, in trying some mechanical means of ventilation for carrying off from the top of a room the effluvia of gaslights, there were obtained five pounds of water so acid as at once to redden litmus-paper, by the constant burning of one gaslight for a week; a result completely explaining, it is considered, the circumstance of the corroding and falling off of the covers of books in the Observatory.

The Museum.

HARVEY'S doctrine of the circulation of the blood met with much opposition for a time. Aubrey says of Harvey: "He told me himself that, upon his publishing that book, he fell in his practice extremely." This result might have been expected from the inability of the majority of people to weigh the merits and demerits of the question. But, even by those learned in the science of the day, he was treated no better, or, rather worse. Dr. Eliotson tells us that "the medical profession stigmatized Harvey as a fool." Such, indeed, is generally the reception that has in every age awaited each advance of science and thought.

Agriculture in France occupies twenty millions of individuals; it employs a capital of four thousand millions of dollars; the value of working-implements is one million of dollars; of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., eight hundred millions of dollars; of products of the soil, two thousand eight hundred millions of dollars. The culture of the vine alone supports a population of eight millions of individuals, and yields a yearly income of two hundred millions of dollars.

The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician:

Alexander II.\$8,250,000, or \$25,000 a day.
Abdul Aziz.6,000,000, or 18,000 "
Napoleon III.5,000,000, or 14,319 "
Francis Joseph.4,000,000, or 10,000 "
Frederick William I.3,000,000, or 8,210 "
Victor Emmanuel.2,400,000, or 6,840 "
Victoria.2,300,000, or 6,370 "
Isabella II. (had).1,800,000, or 4,643 "

In addition to this salary, each sovereign is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge for rent.

Ghazepore, in Hindostan, is famous for the manufacture of attar of roses. The rose-gardens surround the town: they are fields, with low bushes of the plant grown in rows, red with blossoms in the morning, all of which are, however, plucked long before mid-day. The petals are put into clay stills, with twice their weight of water, and the produce exposed to the fresh air for a night, in open vessels. The unskimmed water affords the best, and is often twice, and even oftener, distilled; but the fluid deteriorates by too much distillation. The attar is skimmed from the exposed pans, and sells at ten pounds the rupee weight, to make which twenty thousand flowers are required. It is frequently adulterated with sandal-wood oil.—*Dr. J. D. Hooker*.

The kingfishers are a most interesting family of birds. They are widely but thinly distributed over the country, their habits being lonely rather than gregarious. The belted kingfisher is a variety widely known in this country, which migrates northward or southward according to the season of the year; so that Wilson, the ornithologist, observed that "mill-dams are periodically visited by this feathered fisher, and the sound of his pipe is as well known to the miller as the sound

of his own hopper." Its sight is singularly keen, "and, even when passing with its meteor-like flight over the country, it will suddenly check itself in mid career, hovering over the spot for a short time, watching the finny inhabitants of the brook as they swim to and fro, and then, with a curious, spiral kind of plunge, will dart into the water, driving up the spray in every direction, and, after a brief struggle, will emerge with a small fish in its mouth, which it bears to some convenient resting-place, and, after battering its prey with a few hearty thumps against a stump or a stone, swallows it, and returns for another victim." Waterfalls and rapids are its favorite haunts.

The kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and, having caught more fish than it can eat, will take them to its secret storehouse, a crevice among roots perhaps, and there hide them until it is able to eat them. Half a dozen young trout have been often found in such a hole. The kingfisher makes its nests in the deserted holes of banks, and builds them of fish-bones. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighboring twig, or some other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. They can be partially domesticated, and become so familiar with man as to receive food from him; and they are said to be fond of slow music.

The specimen figured belongs to a rare variety of kingfisher discovered by Mr. Wallace in the Malay Archipelago. It is very large, being full seventeen inches long. The bill is coral-red, the under surface pure white, the back and wings deep purple, while the shoulder, head, and nape, and



Racket-tailed Kingfisher.

some spots on the upper part of the back and wings, are pure azure-blue. These birds differ from all other kingfishers by having the two middle tail-feathers immensely lengthened and very narrowly webbed, but terminated by a spoon-shaped enlargement. The narrow part of the long feathers is of a rich blue.

"The classical scholar is familiar with the expression 'halcyon days,' which is so frequently employed to denote a season of special security and joyousness, and is derived from an old fable, that the halcyon, or kingfisher, made its nest on the surface of the sea, and possessed some innate power of charming the waves and winds to rest during the time of its incubation. Fourteen days of calm weather were in the power of the kingfisher, or Alcyon, who was fabled to be the daughter of Æolus, wearing a feathered form in token of grief for the loss of Ceyx, her husband, and to have derived her authority from her father, the lord of winds. In many parts of England at the present day there is a singular idea concerning the kingfisher, which seems to have its origin in the same mythical history. Those who are familiar with cottage-life in the rural districts will often have noticed a kingfisher suspended by the point of the beak from the beams of the ceiling, and, if they have asked the object of the custom, will be told that the bird always turns its breast toward the quarter from which the wind is blowing."

If we take a common terrestrial globe, two feet in diameter, it is evident that, compared with the earth itself, three inches on such a globe would represent one thousand miles, and, consequently, eighteen thousandths, or the fifty-fifth, part of an inch, would represent six miles. A mountain, six miles high, would, therefore, be represented upon the surface of such a globe by a particle of dust whose diameter would not exceed the fifty-fifth part of an inch.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 14, JULY 3, 1869.

	PAGE
MR. STEWART'S HOTEL FOR WORKING-PEOPLE.....	417
THE THREE BROTHERS. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	419
MY FIRST AND LAST TRIP UP THE RHINE: Part II. By George M. Towle.....	422
A NIGHT IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.....	425
THE NEST. By Paul H. Hayne.....	427
A STATESMAN'S WIFE.....	427
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND. By Victor Hugo.....	428
WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO: Stage the Second. The Ice-Stream. By Dr. I. I. Hayes.....	434
CLASSICAL STUDY AS A MENTAL TRAINING.....	436
THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF POSITIVISM. (Fortnightly Review.)....	438
TABLE-TALK.....	439
LITERARY, ART, AND PERSONAL NOTES.....	441
SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	442
THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	443
ART SUPPLEMENT..From Islay to Lamps: a Jaunt over the Sierras of Peru.	

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